OFFICIAL REPORT.
George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information, says:
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The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

The Largest Circulation in the State, Outside of Indianapolis.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. —PART FIRST— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Shirt Waists.

It's a waste of comfort, Ladies, to pass the summer without a Shirt Waist. You will find wastes in a desert, but you'll see the largest display of Waists, three summery things in every variety of light, airy and cool materials, in our Fresh, Bright and entirely new stock.

Cotton Dress Goods.

It isn't by a happen, so that our sales of Cotton Dress Goods are so much greater this season than ever before; trade laws don't work by chance. If qualities and quantities, if styles and prices—particularly the prices—were not right, it would have been impossible to have sold such a number as we have.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

AT COST

Straw Hats

ARE CHEAP

And right now is the time to have one.

Negligee Shirts

Are the thing for warm weather. Call on us for the latest in Furnishing Goods.

WM. MEYER & BRO.

Rooms 5 and 7 Arcade.

A Bargain Window.

The Foster Furniture and Carpet Company have created quite a stir in this city by a now departure they have recently taken. They have set aside their new big show window on Clinton street to display only such goods as are being offered at about half price. They are sold only for cash. They are articles that have been purchased at receiver's sales of suspended furniture factories, being purchased for cash in very large lots, and sold by the Foster Furniture Company at a very slight advance. If you have any thing in the furniture line to buy this summer here is a splendid opportunity to make your money go about twice as far as it usually does.

Foster Furniture and Carpet Company.

J. G. THIEME & SON.

Tailors.

Great Reduction

—IN OUR—

Tailoring Department.

All $40, $38, $35, $30 Suits reduced to $20. All $28, $25 Suits reduced to $18.

Corner Columbia and Clinton Streets.

WAR—LIKE

Is the Aspect at Chicago.

Peace Officers Visible Everywhere.

Troops of Soldiers Moving Constantly.

Hordes of Men Out of Employment.

Everybody Expecting Bloodshed at Any Moment.

Mobs Wreck Trains and Burn Freight Cars.

The Authorities Determined to Move Trains.

Knights of Labor Are Ordered Out.

The Situation at Chicago is Extremely Critical—The Day's News Given in Detail.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Chicago has taken on a very warlike aspect. What with the federal troops, the United States marshals, the militia and the police, the guardians of the peace are visible everywhere.

On the lake front is a camp of regulars, with pitched tents and stacked arms and patrolling sentries. Surrounding the postoffice is another smaller camp with a half dozen tents and a threatening patrol. Detachments of troops are marching and artillery and cavalry are moving constantly.

The strike is the topic of conversation everywhere and all sorts of wild, improbable and impossible stories are afloat. A large number of factories have been closed, owing to lack of coal and inability to ship goods and this has thrown a vast horde of employes on the streets to swell the crowds and increase the disorder.

Every one is under severe nervous tension and expecting bloodshed at any moment. Mobs gather every afternoon and attempt to stop the out-going and incoming trains and at night comes on they grow boisterous and begin rioting.

They overturn freight cars to block the tracks and as soon as darkness sets in they start out in small squads, setting fire to the cars standing in long lines in the railway yards. This is kept up throughout the night until early morning when from sheer exhaustion they lie down in the streets and vacant lots and go to sleep. As a consequence the forenoons are usually quiet. Today proved an exception. The mob was up and at its work bright and early. In some places they began the attack at 5 o'clock.

Will Move Trains.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—The federal authorities have determined upon a decided move against the strikers which may result in the United States troops firing upon the mobs. United States Marshal Arnold and General Miles had a consultation this morning at the military headquarters and it was decided to send troops to all roads which have trains tied up and clear the yards and tracks.

The plan decided upon is to send one company of United States troops to each of the depots along with forty deputy marshals. A train will then be started on each of the roads and the military and marshals will clear the yards and tracks of the crowds. The soldiers will have orders to fire upon any one who discharges the order to leave the railroad property.

Marshal Arnold, after the conference with General Miles, returned to his office in the government building and issued orders for the massing of the deputies at the depots. The armed trains will start on the Rock Island and Lake Shore, Illinois Central and on other roads on which trains have been held up and stopped by mobs.

"We have decided to clear the yard," said Marshal Arnold, "and it will be done at any cost. The soldiers will have orders to fire if the crowds do not disperse. The mail trains must be started and if they are not allowed to run there will be serious trouble this afternoon. The government troops stand no nonsense for their orders are explicit."

The marshal said that the trains would start as soon as the roads can make the necessary arrangements and the troops and marshals can be got to the starting points.

Few Trains Move.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The Lake Shore railroad sent out three passenger trains this morning, two of them promptly on time. All incoming trains arrived at the depot on time.

The Rock Island road is still completely tied up. The office force of the company within the city has been temporarily laid off and no business is transacted at the general offices.

No trains are running on the Baltimore and Ohio north of South Chicago. The company expects to send out this afternoon from Chicago a special train carrying teachers destined for Asbury park. Those from the west who expect to go over the Baltimore and Ohio road will be taken around on the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern belt line, which those going from the city will be taken out on cable and elevated trains.

One train on the Chicago & Alton road due here last night reached the depot this morning. No other trains came in and none went out. The Pan Handle is completely tied up. A little business was done by the Chicago Central, the Southern branch of the Northern Pacific. The Burlington, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Northwestern roads were operating their passenger trains as in times of peace.

Debs' Master Blow.

The Dictator Debs has decided upon another of his master strokes to show the people of Chicago his power. This morning he sent word to the labor organization on the west, north and south side street railway and on the elevated roads to be in readiness to walk out Monday night. By tying up the city's means of transit he expects to arrest the sympathy of the public and force public opinion.

A General Strike.

The first step in inaugurating the general strike ordered by the Building and Trades Council was taken today when all the steamfitters employed at all the stock yard packing houses, except Fowler's, went out. The steamfitters constitute one of the strongest branches of the building trades alliance. Those who struck went to Uhlich's hall and held a conference with President Debs. He assured them they would be given all the aid possible.

Will Call out the U. S.

At the conference held today at Uhlich's hall between President Debs and Grand Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, it was settled, so far as these two men can act, that all members of the order of Knights of Labor shall be called out on Monday next. Mr. Sovereign yielded readily to the demand of Debs and is now engaged in drawing up the order for the general strike. It will not be in force, however, until signed by the four other members of the executive committee. These are now on their way to Chicago

Mobs Everywhere.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Today's incendiarism began in a brand new quarter, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy switching yards at Crawford, just west of the Hawthorne race track. Fully a dozen freight cars in the yards were burned bright and early this morning at daylight. The destruction of the cars was complete.

About 8 a. m. today a mob of 500 strikers captured a Baltimore and Ohio switch engine at Fifty-ninth street. The train crew fled.

Before 10 o'clock today the officials of the Grand Trunk telephoned the police that large mobs of men were moving down their tracks in the direction of their shops at the crossing of the Pan Handle tracks at Forty-ninth street. They expressed the belief that the mob intended burning their shops. Chief of Police Brennan ordered inspector Hunt to the scene with a force of men.

Half an hour later a message came from the Northern Pacific and Baltimore and Ohio roads that mobs were gathering at Forty-seventh and Fifty-first streets, where these companies have wrecking trains. Fear was expressed that the strikers intended burning these wrecking trains in order to prevent the clearing of the tracks. Inspector Hunt was also notified to attend to this trouble.

Today at the stock yards brought no receipts of live stock, and no prospect of shipments. The paralysis of railways and packing houses continued complete.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, will be here probably Sunday. The new complications now to be feared is the calling out of all labor organizations. This would make such a large body of unemployed men as to vastly increase the crowds and to greatly embarass the handling of the less orderly element.

Along the Burlington tracks scenes of violence were enacted for the first time today. At West Fourth and Twenty-fourth streets a mob gathered and upset several freight cars. The rioters were dispersed by police from Lawndale station.

Symptoms of disorder were frequent today at all points along the railway tracks between Thirty-ninth and Fifty-fifth streets, in the Stewart avenue district. Police officers, details of militia and federal troops were scattered along the line. At Brighton park a squad of police were on guard under command of Lieutenant Walsh, with orders to shoot at the first attempt of the rioters to destroy property.

President Debs was served today with the injunction issued by the United States courts some days ago. The injunction was served as Debs was leaving the Sherman house this morning after a brief conference with Grand Master Workman Sovereign.

A survey of the scene at the stock yards shows that the devastation by fire along the line of the Pan Handle extended over at least three miles. Everything perishable was destroyed, including cars, switch houses signal towers and exposed freight. The fires are still burning and now and then break out in a new center. Policemen closely guarded the Lake Shore, Fort Wayne, Western Indiana and Pennsylvania tracks at the stock yards all last night, and today preparations were being made to start most trains eastward. Tracks were being slowly cleared of obstructions with the intention that as soon as this was accomplished switching would begin. In many instances the obstructions were so ingeniously and firmly fixed that it was almost impossible to remove them. It was stated that when the trains were ready to move all the military and police force available would be exercised to prevent interference.

Intent on destroying freight cars in the Monon yards at Sixty-fourth street, a mob gathered in that district at 5 o'clock this morning. The rioters started for the yards and a call was sent to Englewood police station for help. Forty officers were sent to the yards. Their appearance did not frighten the strikers and they continued their march. Orders to disperse had no effect and several shots were fired into the disorderly ranks and the men fled. One of their number was struck by a bullet from Sergeant Bruton's revolver. The wound was apparently not serious and the man was hurried away by his friends.

Serious trouble was looked for today at Forty-ninth street and the Grand Trunk tracks. A mob that gathered there this morning threatened to burn the round house. The building was surrounded and a move towards the threatened destruction was expected any moment. Colonel Moulton and forty men of the second regiment I. N. G. was sent to the scene to guard the building and yards.

There were no crowds of idle and vicious at the stock yards this morning to interfere with the work of clearing the tracks. A large number of strikers slept in the vacant lots adjacent to the Link Belt machinery company's plant last night, but they showed no disposition at an early hour to resume their unlawful operations of the day previous. Chief Mollanaid, of the stock yards police said: "The people who were out raising cain last night are home asleep. I have made the rounds of the tracks and beyond a few groups standing idly around there is nobody to be seen. They will wake up pretty soon, but we are ready for them. I never saw such scenes of disorder as were to be found on every hand here yesterday and last night."

Nelson Morris, Swift and Armour all swore in a hundred special officers to guard their property. They fear the incendiaries more than the train wreckers.

Rioting Begun.

CHICAGO, July 7.—At 11 a. m. it was reported that a mob was firing cars and other property on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, near the western city limits. Five companies of United States troops from the lake front were at once ordered to the Grand Central depot to take a train to the scene of the trouble. The troops were marching through the streets within ten minutes after the call.

Serious rioting was reported about 11 o'clock today on the Grand Trunk road in the vicinity of Elston. Deputies and police were called for by the railroad authorities.

Rioting was reported to have been renewed this morning on the Burlington tracks at the Western avenue crossing.

The property of the railroad company, it was stated, was being fired right and left.

A few moments after 11:30 a. m. today a mob numbering five hundred tore up the main tracks of the Pan Handle road at Fiftieth street. The police charged them but were met with a volley of pistol shots. The police refrained from returning the fire but succeeded by renewed charges in dispersing the crowd. The second regiment went to Forty-seventh street to act as guard for the Pan Handle tracks.

HOWARD'S RECORD.

Debs' Lieutenant Was a Conductor Up to Three Years Ago.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 7.—Vice President Howard, of the American Railway union, was originally from Knoxville, Tenn., where for a time a freight conductor on the Cincinnati Southern, then he became a passenger conductor, but about three years ago he was discharged from the service for some cause not stated by the officials of the road. After drifting around the country he finally landed in Chicago, where he was elected to his present position.

Influences the Market.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Wall Street, 10 a. m.—As was to be expected on the very unfavorable character of the strike news, the stock speculation opened weak and the first prices made were lower than the closing figures of yesterday, sugar being heaviest with a decline of 11.

CLEVELAND TIED UP

Freight Traffic Brought to a Standstill.

YardmasterAttempts to Move Cars.

Strikers Threaten to Throw Him in the Lake.

Situation at Detroit and Pittsburg.

The Strikers Active in the West—Disturbances Expected and the Outlook is Bad Everywhere.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 7.—Although it was announced late last night that the striking New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio (Erie) switchmen, some 600 in number, would return to work this morning, not a man put in an appearance and the freight business of the road is tied up more completely than yesterday. The passenger trains are running about on time.

The Lake Shore succeeded in getting through an east-bound meat train destined for New York today. Yardmaster Murphy and an assistant, of the Lake Shore, attempted to move some cars loaded with stock in the western yards this morning. A crowd of strikers threatened to throw Murphy in the lake unless he ceased work, and he promptly withdrew.

Traffic on the Big Four is practically at a standstill. The same state of affairs exists on the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus and the Cleveland, Canton and Southern. The Nickel Plate is making very little headway in handling traffic.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 7.—There has been no change in the strike situation here since yesterday. All the railway employes are still working but the feeling prevails that a strike may be ordered at any moment.

Seven meetings of railroaders have been called for tomorrow and upon the result of their deliberations depends the moving of passenger and freight trains in this city. The situation is regarded as serious, as every endeavor is being made by populists and anti-labor leaders to induce the men to quit work, although many are not inclined to do so. B. B. Fryo, editor of the Industrian, stated that he had information from authentic sources that the strike will reach here tomorrow and that it would be confined to railroaders. District Master Workman Wetzel, of the Knights of Labor, said he had received no orders in regard to the strike. He admitted that the Chicago situation had been discussed by the general executive board. He admitted that the Chicago situation had been discussed by the general executive board, but refused to say anything further.

DETROIT, Mich., July 7.—The strike of the switchmen and firemen on the Michigan Central tied up the road for the night but this morning passenger trains are again running, though somewhat late. The mail train on the Wabash which was made up to go out yesterday morning is still in the yards unable to get a crew. The other roads are moving passenger trains without interference.

DENVER, Col., July 7.—The order of United States Marshal Israel to his deputies to arrest without warrant strikers, especially leaders, for merely counseling men not to work on railroads in the hands of receivers, has created great excitement among the labor organizations. The strikers declare that no deputies will take them without warrants unless they kill them. President Heberling, who is directing the strike here, said:

"I have ordered the men to in no way offer violence to officers, but we will fight and resist any arrests that are made without the process of the courts."

Besides ordering the American Railway union strike the state labor organization denounced the order of United States Marshal Israel, the arrest of citizens without warrants "for no graver offense than talking, advising or consulting as citizens about the common welfare," and unanimously resolved "that if the laws establishing the courts of the United States clothed them with power to render the executive and judicial authority of the state powerless, then indeed have we realized the centralized government which the money power has invested for thirty years. Labor, whether organized or unorganized, must not, and by the eternal, shall not be crushed by the legalized greed, nor the natural and equal rights of men before the law be ignored."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7.—Mass meetings held last evening in this city and Oakland, endorsed the strikers. The hall was crowded and those who were unable to gain admittance held an overflow meeting in the open air. Corporate monopoly was recognized as a common enemy and every point against the Pullman Car company was greeted with cheers. Resolutions were adopted promising moral support to the American Railway union; denouncing George M. Pullman and the Southern Pacific corporations, the strike, and attacking federal interference in the difficulty.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 7.—Dickinson's train is still at the depot blocked by three engines and two cars. Chief Deputy Stinson is advised that troops will not be sent until the local authorities have exhausted their authority. He has been directed by the United States court at Seattle to arrest members of the mob and take them to Seattle over the Great Northern. General Superintendent Dickinson was in conference with the mayor and the city commissioners. The mayor has taken control of the police force and calls upon citizens to assist officers to maintain order.

TACOMA, Wash., July 7.—Twenty shots were fired by ambushed men at the Carbonado passenger train as it passed the Puyallup Indian reservation, three miles from the depot. The men in ambush are supposed to have been strikers. No one was hurt.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 7.—In event of serious trouble breaking out here resulting from the railroad strike a force of seventeen hundred regulars, state militia and police can be concentrated at any place in this city on short notice. As there is a possibility that trouble may result when the railroads try to run their trains with new men, an investigation was set on foot to ascertain the force at hand that could be called upon for protection.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., July 7.—The Colorado City division of the American Railway union, representing practically all the tributaries of the western division of the Colorado Midland railway, has decided not to strike. The vote for the strike was 57; against it, 67.

DENVER, Col., July 7.—Patrick Hagerty, for seventeen years foreman in the Union Pacific shops, committed suicide last night by cutting his throat. He went out with the strikers last Wednesday and has been worrying over the matter.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., July 7.—There has been no disturbance in connection with the strike until a train load of United States deputy marshals arrived last night en route south. The engineer deserted the cab here. A deputy attempted to arrest him and force him to continue, but City Marshal Gay refused to let the deputy take him. The episode created bad feeling against the deputies.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 7.—The first decided display of violence in connection with the railroad strike in Missouri was made at Moberly just after midnight when a mob of one or more strikers and sympathizers surrounded the Wabash passenger train which left here last evening, and drove the crew from it. The fireman was especially badly treated by the mob, suffering a number of bruises and cuts. As soon as the facts were made known at the road's headquarters here, officials took the matter before the United States officials here, by whom a warrant was issued for a C. Burdock, leader of the mob, and also 200 blank informations to be filled out on the ground by deputy marshals and then served. These papers were sent to Moberly at once by special train.

SPRING VALLEY, Ill., July 7.—A mob of men, women and children gathered in front of the company's store last night, 1,000 strong, and commenced to hurl stones through the windows. This was soon followed by the breaking in of the doors. Everyone took all the goods he could carry. The company's safe contained a stock of $40,000, and there was not a dollar's worth in it a midnight. The police made no resistance, as the people were in dire need of food and the men would not hesitate to murder any who attempted resistance. The Lithuians have taken an active part in the American Railway union strike by running the night switchmen off the Rock Island and have threatened to tear up the tracks should another train try to pass the town.

DENVER, Col., July 7.—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen decided by a close vote not to order a strike on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad in support of the American Railway union. Many of the firemen, however, have already struck and are joining the American Railway union. In consequence of the decision of the Colorado City branch of the American Railway union not to order a strike on the Colorado Midland the members who were in favor of striking have applied to President Debs for a new charter.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 7.—The federated board of the Union Pacific railroad employes has not announced publicly the result of its deliberations. It is known that it decided not to order a strike. This decision, however, is not based upon local sympathies of the Knights of Labor, and the knights will strike if asked to do so by General Master Workman Sovereign.

THE CHINESE TREATY

Will be Taken up and Disposed of by Congress.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—One of the important matters pending before congress which was left hanging in the air while the tariff bill was being considered is the new Chinese treaty. It is the intention of Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, to have the bill taken up at an early day and disposed of. It is not believed that more than one day will be necessary to consider the treaty before a vote can be reached.

Miss Amelia Yagar left via the Wabash this afternoon for her home in Danville, Ill.

VERY SERIOUS

Is the Strike Situation Today.

Deputy Marshals Meet With Rough Usage.

Harry Ryan Knocked Down in the St. James Hotel—The Latest Situation.

The strike situation assumed a serious aspect yesterday afternoon, when there was a disposition on the part of some of the sympathizers to make trouble, but they were held in check by representatives of the A. R. U. Since 5 o'clock yesterday, when the office with No. 9 transpired, up to 11:30 this morning there was no excitement nor any great crowds at the south depots. The Pennsylvania got trains in and out without any difficulty, but all were more or less late. The train sheets showed the arrivals and departures as follows:

No. 38, Chicago accommodation, arrived twenty minutes late. This train was sent east as a make up of No. 8 at 11:45 p. m., three hours late.

There were two sections of No. 16, arriving at 3:15 and 3:30 a. m., on time.

No. 2, the east bound limited, due here at 9:20 last evening, did not reach here until 1 o'clock this morning.

The regular No. 8, due here at 8 o'clock last night, passed through the city at 5 this morning, being nearly nine hours late.

The west bound limited came in thirty-five minutes late.

No. 4 was two hours and a half late, passing through the city at 8 o'clock.

The Chicago and Cleveland accommodation trains left the city at the usual hour.

No. 39, west bound mail train, came in on time. Up to a few minutes before the arrival of this train the station was deserted save by the police and deputy marshals. But as the hour for the arrival of the train approached, strike sympathizers began to gather at the depot and when the train pulled in there were about 150 of them on the scene. Chief Liggett, Lieutenant Walsh and forty or more deputy marshals and special policemen were present. They immediately lined up on either side of the engine and kept the crowd at a respectful distance. On the south side of the engine a crowd of men waving the white ribbon congregated and endeavored to get the firemen to desert his post, but he paid no attention to their entreaties. They talked roughly to him when they found pleadings were of no avail, but he was not disturbed and calmly sat in the cab and good naturedly smiled at the strikers. At this moment the attention of the crowd was attracted to the opposite side of the train, where Chief Deputy Marshal Harry Ryan, of Indianapolis, was endeavoring to read the federal court's restraining order to two men who had been talking loudly. The men, however, did not care to hear the reading and started to walk down Calhoun street, the marshal following. At Railroad street, opposite the Harmon house, a burly fellow struck Ryan a terrific blow on the back of the neck, and he dropped to the ground. Then pandemonium reigned for a moment. The deputy marshals rushed to the assistance of their chief and strike sympathizers crowded about them, threatening to annihilate Uncle Sam's officers. Then Frank Myron, one of the American Railway union leaders, succeeded in getting the attention of the crowd and in the manner of the order he represents, commanded the mob to keep the peace. He advised them to disperse and to keep away from the railway company's grounds. This had a quieting effect and the crowd broke up. The name of the man who struck Ryan could not be learned, as he was immediately lost sight of in the crowd. There was no further disturbance and the train pulled out, carrying a dozen special policemen as guardians as far as the junction.

U. S. MARSHAL HERE.

The first blood shed in this city by reason of the strike occurred about 2 o'clock this afternoon. Pittsburg passenger train No. 39 came in almost on time and was immediately surrounded by a large crowd. The police and deputy marshals, however, kept them back and the train proceeded on its way.

A few moments later a portion of the crowd caught sight of Deputy United States Marshal Harry Ryan, of Indianapolis. Ryan earlier in the day had some trouble at the depot and was quite roughly handled. The marshal was in company with another deputy and was buying a cigar at the St. James hotel. As soon as the crowd caught sight of him they set upon the two men. Ryan was knocked down and kicked to insensibility. His companion escaped by running through the house and down a back alley.

Ryan was carried into the hotel, laid upon a stretcher and the patrol wagon sent for. Drs. Dinnel, Yaungo and Holmes were soon at his side and pronounced his injuries serious if not dangerous. The wounded man was taken to the Hope hospital.

AN EYE WITNESS TALKS.

From an eye witness of the affair it is learned that the deputy marshals went into the hotel and asked Mr. Brown, the proprietor, for their dinners. The crowd at once followed them into the St. James and asked the proprietor not to feed the deputies. The latter immediately drew their revolvers and asked the crowd what business they had to interfere. The sight of the revolvers so enraged the crowd that Ryan was immediately knocked down and given a severe pommeling.

CONTINUED ABSENCE OF DISMISSAL.

At 4 o'clock this morning those men who had left their work in the Pittsburg yards were to report for duty or be dismissed from the service. Up to this hour none of the strikers had applied for work.

ON THE WABASH.

The trains moving on the Wabash today were Nos. 45, 11 and 31, all westbound, and they were nearly on time. No. 46, due here at 1 o'clock, was delayed in starting east and will not reach this city until 5 o'clock this evening.

ANOTHER LAKE SHORE.

The first violent act committed since the strike was inaugurated in this city occurred at the south depot about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. No. 9, the west-bound Pittsburg passenger train, was standing on the tracks at that hour exchanging crews and engines and preparing to start for Chicago. G. J. Huber was the fireman and the strikers had their sympathizers gathered about the engine and endeavored to persuade him to abandon his post. During the controversy Conductor John Sloan appeared on the scene and took a part in the discussion. This maddened the crowd and they went for Sloan. He managed to escape with a few bruises about the body and legs. Finding their efforts to induce the fireman to leave his engine fruitless, the strikers stepped back to allow the train to depart. As it moved out some one hurled a stone through the cab window, narrowly missing the fireman.

Immediately back of No. 9 was the mail and express train, No. 7, awaiting a clear track to start out. The crowd did not appear to be much interested in this train, and it started out apparently all right. At the Calhoun street crossing, however, a tall young man dressed in light colored clothing, cut the hose and the train came to a sudden stop. Several men who are connected with railways and ought to know every railway man in the city, saw the man insert his knife into the hose and they positively assert they never saw him about the city before. It is believed he is not a railway man, certainly not one of the Fort Wayne strikers. The crowd was in for almost anything and was only kept from doing violence to some of the train men by the efforts of the American Railway union men, who mingled in the throng, asking those who were disposed to be violent to desist. E. W. Clark addressed them, saying: "We want no violence. We can win this strike by peaceable methods and no lives need be forfeited. I ask you men, in the name of the American Railway union to go away."

After these trains left the city the crowd dispersed, to reassemble two hours later, when No. 8 was expected from the west. But the train was late, and while they awaited her arrival westbound Wabash train No. 47 came in. Immediately there was a rush for the Wabash tracks and efforts were made to persuade the engineer to leave his engine, but all in vain. The train pulled out of the station without any difficulty. Fort Wayne avenue, a lot of boys, aged ten to sixteen, had assembled and as the train passed them they pelted it with stones, doing no serious damages. The few passengers on board were badly frightened by the shower of pebbles and sought safety beneath the seats.

The switchmen in the Lake Shore yards were ordered out yesterday and last night deserted their posts and joined the strikers.

The Grand Rapids men were also ordered out yesterday, as stated in THE SENTINEL last night, but trains went out on their regular time, apparently experiencing no difficulty.

The Nickel Plate west-bound mail train which was tied up here yesterday afternoon, managed to get out shortly after 4 o'clock. During the stay of the train here it was surrounded by several hundred people, who tried every peaceable method to induce Engineer Glover to join the strikers, but to no avail. Fireman Reed and Engineer A. S. Work acted as fireman, and the train pulled out in safety at 4:45. It ran as far as Hammond, where it was abandoned.

BLOODY STREET FIGHT.

Two Killed and Two Fatally Wounded in Kentucky.

CATLETTSBURG, Ky., July 7.—In a street encounter here last night John and Ballard Faulkner, brothers, were instantly killed and Charles and Dave Justice fatally wounded. The former has already died and the latter cannot live longer than noon. Ballard Plymal was also seriously wounded.

Plymale is now in jail, together with Lon Cole, a member of the Cincinnati Justice firm of C. C. Crane & Co., who was with the Justice faction.

The trouble arose over a woman who was sick upon the train, and who the Justice boys claimed was being neglected by the town authorities. Ballard Faulkner was a member of the council.

D. B. Kehler, manager of the Fort Wayne Furniture company, received the intelligence this morning of the death of his half-brother, John Chinworth, of Lakeland, Ind. Mr. Kehler has gone to that place to attend the funeral.

J. D. Williams expert accountant, Office: 63 East Main street.

AN ARTIFICIAL MAIDEN.

It is Easy Enough to be Beautiful if You Only Know How.

Moles and Blemishes on the Face, Moustaches on Women, Pug or Crooked Noses, Large Mouths, Outstanding Ears—there is no reason for putting up with such disfigurements nowadays. They, and lots more, are all easily removed by well-known Surgical and Electrical processes. For years the treatment of such things has been a specialty at the John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, 125 West 42d St., New York. Regular Physicians there doing nothing else all the time. Their 150-Page Book, telling all about it, will be mailed, sealed, to your address for 10c. in stamps or silver.

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BANKS.

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The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

Democratic County Ticket.

State Senator—Thomas E. Ellison.
State Representatives—Louis J. Bostick, George V. Kell, Charles Dalman.
Judge of Superior Court—C. M. Dawson.
Judge of Circuit Court—E. S. O'Rourke.
Prosecuting Attorney—N. D. Doughman.
Clerk of Courts—Henry M. Metzger.
Auditor—Clarence Ewald.
Recorder—W. A. Reichelderfer.
Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.
Sheriff—Edward Clausmeier.
Coroner—Dr. M. Harrod.
Surveyor—Chas. W. Branstrator.
Commissioners—J. H. Stellhorn, M. A. Ferguson, Sylvanus Baker.

The Effects of the Strike.

No one could estimate at the present time the damaging and disastrous effects of the great railroad strike now paralyzing the business interests of the west and which will continue its depressing influence on all branches of trade and commerce long after this difficulty between employers and employes has been settled.

It has for several days almost completely ruined the passenger and freight traffic of the railroads centering at Chicago and some of the other western cities and made it impossible, to a great degree, for the people of different sections of the country to have business intercourse with each other. Manufacturing establishments have been unable to ship the products of their works to dealers; merchants have been prevented from receiving their expected consignments of goods; men on many railroads and in many manufacturing establishments have been thrown out of employment, and in a hundred different ways the busy, every-day, wage earning occupations of people has been interrupted, so that the damage done, as an effect of this strike, would have to be computed by the millions of dollars.

Besides all this is the violence and destruction of property which has necessitated the employment of militia and United States troops. With the loss of wages, the stoppage of manufacturing and railroad traffic, to say nothing of damage to property and threatened legal suits, the cost of the strike is going to be enormous. Somebody will have to bear this burden.

Fort Wayne only began to be seriously affected by it a few days ago, but within that brief time its influence has been disastrous in the extreme and every manufacturer in the city has been the loser because of his inability to receive material and to ship goods to his customers. Added to this is the necessary throwing out of employment of men who would otherwise have been kept at work in some of our railroad shops and on our railroads, and this, too, at a time when they are poorly situated to be deprived of their wage-earning ability. Fort Wayne, it is perfectly safe to say, has been injured $100,000 by the strike and it will be weeks and months before our people will entirely recover from it.

Coming at a time when the country was just beginning to recover from its depressed business condition, the strike was most unfortunate, indeed, and every one hopes that it will speedily come to an end and the business of the railroads and the country resumed without any hindrance or interruptions from any one.

A feature of this great strike, particularly at Chicago, is the disorderly and lawless acts of the mob who have with violent hands obstructed railway traffic, overturned cars, destroyed property and have been guilty of other acts of violence. This is a state of affairs which is sadly to be deplored and calls for prompt and sure punishment. We do not believe the railroad men sanction or approve of such conduct as this, and we most ardently hope that it will not be imitated in this city. As The Sentinel has said before, let reason reign, and lawless acts of all kinds be carefully avoided. This strike, in the very nature of things, will be soon be over, and it is well for all to think of the consequences that will follow. Then those whose passions and prejudices are now inflamed will look at it with a sober second thought and they will be sorry for any deeds of violence that they may have committed.

New Factor in Railway Strikes.

Within a few days injunctions have been issued from the United States courts restraining any interference on the part of strikers with the operation of railways, United States troops have been ordered out to inforce such injunctions and maintain order and a United States grand jury has been summoned to indict strike leaders for alleged criminal action in moving to paralyze the railway service of the country. These railroads are neither in a territory of the United States nor in the hands of a federal receiver.

Hitherto in such case it has been left to the several states to suppress any violence or lawlessness growing out of a strike and to deal with the leaders by injunction or indictment if their action was deemed unlawful or criminal. The federal government has interfered only when its aid has been invoked by the governor of a state in an emergency with which the local police and military force of the state were unable to cope. To suppress lawlessness, maintain order and deal with the leaders of a criminal boycott has been regarded as the function of the state.

The power now exercised by the government of the United States is as old as the constitution itself. It is derived from those provisions of that instrument which give congress exclusive control over the postal service of the nation and interstate commerce. Any unwarranted obstruction of mail trains or interference with railways engaged in interstate operations is a violation of the law of the United States with which the general government is fully empowered to deal.

The theory of this power is that the postal service and interstate commerce are not local but national in their scope. They affect the daily necessities, comforts and convenience of the people at large. They touch the business interests of the entire country. Hence any paralysis of railway operations which obstructs the mails or stops the flow of interstate commerce must be felt by the general public and by business in every part of the country. This is forcibly illustrated by the present strike, which has had the effect of reducing the supply and advancing the necessaries of life at widely distant centres.

If the action of the general government in this case is a new departure it may be said that the strike itself is unprecedented in its distinguishing features. If the precedent on both sides is to be followed it is obvious that a new factor will figure in the great railway strikes of the future.

The Gettysburg Anniversary.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 2 and 3, 1863. The day previous there had been fighting along the roads leading to Gettysburg, and the fight really covered the first three days of July. July 4 Vicksburg fell, so that the first four days of July, 1863, are the most memorable during the progress of the civil war. In the east Lee had gathered the whole strength of his army, 100,000 strong. It was the finest army the Confederacy had ever brought together, and Lee hurled it against the Army of the Potomac and broke it. In like manner the Confederate power in the southwest was crushed at Vicksburg.

On the battlefield at Gettysburg orations as eloquent as any delivered by Patrick Henry have been uttered. The first were heard when, Nov. 19, 1863, the blood soaked ground was dedicated as a national cemetery by Edward Everett and President Lincoln. Less famous speeches, though more eloquent than Everett's, were made in 1887, 24 years after the fight, when the blue and the grey held their first reunion together. On the very ground where the Union cannon, loaded with pebbles, bayonet points and fragments of shell, had poured death into the faces of Pickett's men, Confederate and Union soldier walked arm in arm and recalled the incidents of the Bloody Angle.

After the Confederate General Armistead was killed in Pickett's charge, Colonel William B. Aylett succeeded him as brigade commander and led the men till the charge failed. At the first reunion of the blue and gray in 1887 Colonel Aylett responded to Pennsylvania's welcome to the Confederates in a speech whose eloquence has been rarely equaled. In it these words occurred:

> We have come forth from the baptism of blood and fire in which we were consumed as the representatives of a new south, and we have, long years ago, ceased to hear in our hearts any residuum of the feelings born of the conflict. Did an unmanly feeling linger in our bosoms we would not be here today to grasp the hands of those who have met us with a brother's greeting and a brother's love.
>
> Above the ashes left by the war and over the tomb of secession and African slavery we have created a new empire and have built a temple to American liberty in which you and I can worship together, and over it we have run up the star spangled banner, and we cling to it with all that ancient love which should ever dwell in the hearts of the men and women from the lands of George Washington and William Penn.

Last year, 1893, occurred the thirtieth anniversary of the battle which was the turning point of the civil war. General Daniel E. Sickles and the governors of New York and Pennsylvania took part in the exercises, and other eloquent orations were spoken. General Henry W. Slocum was there, too, among the most honored of the visitors, in full health and happy spirits. But before another Gettysburg anniversary rounded the turn of the year he was buried with a soldier's funeral.

And yet of all the words of eloquence uttered on the battlefield of Gettysburg perhaps only two short paragraphs will live as long as the English language is spoken. They are the sentences which fell from the lips of Lincoln, Nov. 19, 1863. They cannot be recalled too often. Gray haired Americans in all time will read them with tears upon their cheeks. Bright eyed, eager boys and girls, while their hearts thrill with pride and love of country—as long as the republic lasts—will recite the words:

> Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.
>
> The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

When a foreign citizen unfurls the flag of his own country in the United States on the Fourth of July, he means by it only to honor the great American republic. It is a greeting and a salute. Therefore the more foreign flags out on the Fourth the brighter and merrier it will be. When an Englishman in America hoists the British flag on our natal day, he means, like all the other foreigners, to recognize the day. Therefore let us have no foolishness of toughs and hoodlums insulting the British flag on the Fourth of July. The fellow who will do it is a blatant idiot.

It will be a surprise to most people to learn that last year, in spite of the low price of domestic cotton, the New England mills manufactured not less than $3,000,000 worth of imported Egyptian cotton. It amounted to 30,000 American bales. The reason for it is that the Egyptian cotton is of superior quality and is exactly adapted for certain textile fabrics.

If you want to be at once rich and famous, turn horse jockey. Fred Taral, who rode Ramapo, is the most celebrated gentleman in the United States at present. He gets at least $20,000 a year and owns and lives in a fine mansion in New York city. How many doctors, lawyers or preachers get $20,000 a year?

It was a gracious sympathy with a sister republic that prompted the authorities of some American cities to order the flags at half mast over municipal buildings during the funeral of President Carnot.

Congress must not adjourn without taking action on that Nicaragua canal bill and reorganizing the company.

THE END IS NEAR.

It May Come Tomorrow, Next Week, or Next Year,

But Life's Sands are Numbered for All and They Should be Prepared to Meet Their God.

"Perilous Times" is Pastor Northrop's topic Sunday night.

Come to the Christian chapel tomorrow morning and evening. P. J. Rice.

St. Andrews Mission, on Shawnee avenue, Sunday school, 3 p. m. Evening prayer at 4 p. m.

Beaver Chapel, South Wayne.—Rev. E. A. Schlamann preaches at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

"A Voice on the Strike," at the evening service of Plymouth Congregational church. Welcome. Rev. J. S. Ainslie, pastor.

A most cordial welcome to the services at Wayne street Methodist Episcopal church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Usual services at the Free Methodist church. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sabbath school, 2:30 p. m. All invited.

Third Presbyterian church—Preaching by J. M. Boggs, pastor, at 10 a. m. No evening services. Sunday school at 11:30; Y. P. S. C. E., 7:45.

The usual men's meeting of the City Y. M. C. A. will be held in the gymnasium at the usual hour, 3:30 o'clock. Only three quarters of an hour.

Church of the Evangelical Association, corner Clinton and Harmer streets. German preaching, 10:30 a. m.; English preaching, 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Communion services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and evening service at 8 o'clock. Sermon "Perilous Times," or a sermon for the times.

First U. B. church, corner Lewis and Harmer streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.; preaching at 10:15 a. m. No evening service. All are welcome.

South Congregational church. Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.; religious service at 10:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:45 p. m.; preaching by the assistant pastor, at 7:30 p. m.

Services both morning and evening at Bethany Presbyterian church. Preaching by Pastor Davis. Sunday school at 3 p. m.; C. E. meeting at 4 p. m. All very cordially invited.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat pastor. Preaching, followed by communion at 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m. No preaching in the evening.

Witter F. Baxter, ex-secretary of the Athens, Ga., association, will address the Men's meeting, Railroad Department Y. M. C. A., Sunday, July 8, at 3:30 p. m. Come and hear him. Bible study, at 3 p. m.

Trinity M. E. church. Morning subject, "The Uncertainty of the Christian Life." Evening service, "Relation of Will to Knowledge of Christ." Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Epworth league devotional service, 6:45 p. m.

Christ's English Lutheran church every Sabbath at the city Y. M. C. A. hall. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m. Regular services, 10:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m. Evening services, 8 p. m. All are welcome. J. S. Nelson, pastor.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner of West Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Bible class for all at 7 o'clock in the evening in parish house.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, corner of West Washington and Fulton streets. Sunday school at 9 p. m. Services at 10 a. m. Sermon on the Gospel of VII p. Trin. Welcome. No other services during July and August.

Simpson M. E. church. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.; morning sermon by Rev. Daniel Markley, at 10:15 a. m.; Junior league at 3:00 p. m.; Senior league at 7 p. m.; an interesting service; evening sermon by Dr. Stamen at 8 o'clock. You are all welcome to come. O. E. Wilcox, pastor.

Quarterly meeting at St. Paul M. E. church tomorrow; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; love feast at 9:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m.; Epworth League devotional service at 7 p. m., led by Miss Nora Shreve. Sacramental service in the evening. A cordial invitation to all is extended by the pastor, Rev. Paschall.

There will be handsome decorations and an interesting and varied program given in connection with the services of Children's Day at the Westminster church, (formerly Second Presbyterian). Services will commence promptly at 10:30 a. m. The Sunday school will meet in the chapel at 10:15. Sunday school will meet immediately following the service. Jr. Y. P. S. C. E., 5:30 p. m.; Sr. Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. No evening service.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 8.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 25-38—Memory Verses, 27-32—Golden Text, Luke ii, 32—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

25. "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon, and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel. And the Holy Ghost was upon him." Even in the darkest days God has always His faithful ones, even though they be few, such as Abel, Enoch and Noah before the deluge, in later days a Caleb and Joshua, a Gideon, and a Samuel, and an Elijah; in the time of our lesson, his Simeons and Annas. See in Simeon, whose name signifies "hearing" or "obedient," an illustration of our threefold salvation. He was just, or righteous, as to his standing; devout as to his life, and waiting or looking for the hope of Israel. Compare Titus ii, 11-13; Rom. v, 1, 2.

26. "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." The Holy Spirit is the great and only teacher, and He is given unto us that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God (I Cor. ii, 11, 12). Jesus said that He would guide us into all truth and show us things to come (John xvi, 13).

27. "And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for Him after the custom of the law." In these three successive verses we see Simeon, with the Spirit upon him, taught by the Spirit, and led by the Spirit, and the child of God can desire nothing greater than to be always filled and controlled by the Holy Spirit. Thus we would always speak right, act right and be in the right place at the right time. The child Jesus would now be about 6 weeks old, and the special law they were fulfilling at this time is found in Lev. xii.

28. "Then took he Him up in his arms and blessed God and said." He believed the Scriptures that God would raise up a prophet like unto Moses; that the prophet would be born of a virgin, and that he would be born in Bethlehem (Deut. xviii, 15, 18; Isa. vii, 14; Mic. v, 2). Being taught by the Spirit, he would also be familiar with Gabriel's word to Daniel concerning the time of Messiah's coming (Dan. ix, 25) and was doubtless thinking he might possibly see it, when the Spirit told him that he surely would, and now he actually holds in his arms the seed of the woman, the Deliverer promised 4,000 years before.

29. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." Only waiting to be called, ready at any time to go, glad to wait to welcome the Saviour, and now longing to be at rest. No fear nor doubt concerning the future, for he knew whom he believed (II Tim. i, 12), and he knew that "absent from the body" meant "present with the Lord" (II Cor. v, 8), and that "to die would be gain" (Phil. i, 21).

30. "For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Jesus Himself is that salvation, even as the Spirit, through Isaiah, said, "Behold, God is my salvation" (Isa. xii, 2). "Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah ii, 9), for He alone is its author. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. "Salvation is of the Jews" (John iv, 22), for of them came Jesus as the seed of David, and as a nation they are declining under Jesus, their King, to fill the earth with His glory. Jacob said by the Spirit, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord" (Gen. xlix, 18), but he still waits to see it.

31. "Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people." When there was none to help and none to uphold, His own arm brought salvation (Isa. lxiii, 5). He says, "I, even I, am the Lord, and beside Me there is no Saviour" (Isa. xliii, 11. Just as in the garden of Eden, He, without any help from Adam or Eve, prepared the coats of skins which clothed them and taught them the way of redemption (Gen. iii, 21), so in all things, from first to last, He is the author and finisher.

32. "A light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." First as the glory of Israel, for He says, "I will place salvation in Zion for Israel, my glory" (Isa. xlvi, 13). Then the gentiles shall come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising (Isa. lx, 3). Thus He shall in due time prove to be for a covenant of the people, and for a light of the gentiles.

33. "And Joseph and His mother marveled at those things which were spoken of Him." In verse 19 we are told that Mary kept the words of the shepherds and pondered them in her heart. See also (verse 51) as to His own words at the age of 2. We may well marvel at the wonderful things said of us who believe in Him, but let us firmly believe them and ponder them daily in our hearts. For example, eat and meditate upon John xi, 25, 26; xv, 9; xvii, 18, 22-24.

34. "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against." Thus spake Simeon to Mary as he blessed her and Joseph. He was only repeating by the Spirit the words of Isa. viii, 14, 15; xxviii, 16, both of which passages Peter quotes in I Pet. ii, 6-8. Those who reject Him stumble over Him, while those who accept Him build upon Him as their sure foundation.

35. "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." The last clause taken with the previous verse makes Him the revealer of hearts, for He is indeed the word of God, discerning the thoughts and intents of the hearts (Heb. iv, 12).

36. "And there was one Anna, a prophetess." Think of Miriam and Deborah and Huldah and Philip's daughters, and the promise yet to be fulfilled (Ex. xv, 20; Judg. iv, 4; II Chron. xxxiv, 22; Acts xxi, 9; Joel ii, 28). A prophet is one who speaks for God, the Lord's spokesman. Compare Ex. vii, 1, and iv, 15, 16.

37. "She departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Like Eli and Samuel, she made the house of God her dwelling place. We cannot all do that, but we can all make God Himself our dwelling place (Ps. xc, 1).

38. "And she, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Israel." Here is another spirit controlled person who finds herself in the right place at the right time. She enters into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise (Ps. c, 4). We see that others were looking for Him besides Simeon and Anna, and they loved, when they met, to speak of Him. It would be well if in the places of public worship today all the speakers would speak only of Him.

TO THE WRONG MAN.

The Fresh Young Man Tells of the Characteristics of the Mullygrub.

The fresh young man sat at the head of the table. He was eating a fish. A red faced man dressed in a tweed suit came in and was shown by the head waiter to a seat on the left of the fresh young man. The red faced man was an Englishman. At least he had an English accent that sounded as if it was his right and not by adoption. He gave the waiter an order, and while he was waiting he began talking with the fresh young man.

"Pardon me," the red faced man began, "but would you mind telling me what kind of a fish that is you are eating?"

"Certainly not," replied the fresh young man beamingly. "This is a very excellent specimen of what is known locally as the mullygrub. It is a fish that is found in great quantities in the shoal waters of Lake Erie, the lake on the shore of which this city stands, and, so far as I know, is caught nowhere else. The mullygrub is a remarkable fish. It grows to the length of two feet sometimes, but is at its best for eating purposes when about 10 inches long. It is delicately flavored, many persons claiming that the flavor is that of an excellent champagne, while others insist that it tastes of Medford rum. That point has long been a matter of local contention, but I am reliably informed that in the olden days the Indians who lived originally in these parts distilled excellent rum from the fish, so I think the rum partisans of today have rather the best of it."

"Indeed," broke in the red faced man, "that is very astonishing."

"Oh, yes," continued the fresh young man, "but it is not the most surprising thing about those fish. Their greatest peculiarity is the manner in which they are caught. It is utterly impossible to take them with a hook and line. They will not bite at any bait yet invented by man. Nor is it possible to catch them with a net. Their dorsal fins are sharper than a knife blade, and when caught in a net they simply cut their way out to liberty. For this reason the fishermen do not cast a net in places where the mullygrub are known to abound. The only way to catch these fish is to hire a German band to play the wedding march from 'Lohengrin' while standing on the shore. So great an admiration have these fish for the music furnished by German bands and for that one tune that they swim up to shore and wriggle their way out on the sand. Then it is easy to gather them up. That is the way the entire catch is secured, and thus many worthy German musicians are enabled to earn comfortable livings when otherwise they would be obliged to walk around the streets for an uncertain income, to say the least."

"How very extraordinary!" murmured the red faced man.

"It certainly is," went on the fresh young man, "but there is still another habit of the mullygrub which is unique. The female mullygrub does not have the roe common in fish. Instead she lays eggs which resemble the eggs of robins, being of pale blue, though somewhat smaller. These eggs are deposited in the sand after midnight in the full of the moon, and during days when the sun is not shining the male mullygrub sits on them to keep them warm. The little mullygrubs are born with four legs, which they use to walk with into the water after they are hatched. In three days these legs drop off and the fins appear."

"I can hardly believe it," said the red faced man.

"Oh, yes; yes, indeed. What I have told you can easily be verified anywhere in Buffalo. Then again when the mullygrub reaches the age of one year it sheds its skin. It also has the faculty of changing its color on occasion. I have seen a mullygrub, when in good spirits, change rapidly from red to white and then to blue and after that take on a combination of the three colors, with a small patch of stars just where the head joins the body. But is it possible you have never heard of this wonderful fish?"

"It certainly is," replied the red faced man.

"May I inquire where you live? You are an Englishman, are you not?"

"No, not exactly. I was born in England, but just at present I am engaged in superintending the large fish hatchery recently established in Canada."

And the fresh young man fainted.—Buffalo Express.

AFRICA AND COLUMBUS.

But His Unwilling Listener Wasn't Interested.

In the waiting room of the Fort Street depot the other afternoon there was a man with a satchel between his feet, who was nodding and napping and now and then almost jerking his hat off as his head bobbed forward or back. By and by an old man with a long goatee and a benign expression of countenance went over to him and slapped him on the knee and said:

"Stranger, I feel just like talkin with someone. Hev you ever been in Africa?"

"Did you hit me on the leg?" demanded the sleeper as he roused up.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your paws off'n me. How dare you come over and hit me?"

"I just teched you lightly to wake you up. Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Africa! Africa! None o' your business, sir! What right had you to come over here and paw me around?"

"I didn't paw! If you are so mighty pertickler that a man can't tech you on the knee, you'd better git in a corner. How would anybody go to Africa from Detroit?"

"In a balloon, if he wanted to!" growled the man with the satchel as he rose up and took another seat.

"How far is it?" asked the old man as he followed him and stood before him.

"You go away from me, or there'll be a row!"

"Gittin mad, eh? That's the way with some folks. They can't even answer a civil question. I'm glad I haven't got to ask you for a match or a chaw of terbacker. Why can't you answer a feller about Africa?"

"What in Texas do I know about Africa?" shouted the other.

"Hain't you never been there?"

"No, of course not."

"Waal, you needn't snap my head off! I've had a hundred different men ask me if I'd been in Africa, and I never got mad about it. It hain't agin a man that he was never in Africa. That country is a long ways off, and we can't git away from home every day in the week. I was just a-wonderin about Columbus. Must have' bin a joyful hour for him when he diskivered America, eh?"

"What has Columbus got to do with me?" howled the touchy man.

"There you go agin! If I had your fat on me, I'd be afraid of the apoplexy. You'll git so mad you'll bust some day. What did Columbus have to do with you? That's a party answer for a grown man to make."

"I want you to go away."

"Yes, I know, but I want to talk a little first. What was the date of the discovery of America?"

"I don't care when it was."

"You don't, eh? Perfectly indifferent as to whether America was discovered or not? Some men love their country and are willing to die for her, while some others don't keer a continental whether they live in America or the cannibal islands."

"If you don't go away from me, I'll twist your old goatee!" said the man who had been pawed as he rose up and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Yes of course," replied the other. "Just because we can't agree you want to do me bodily injury. Waal, I don't want no row and I'll go away. I don't want to talk to no man who don't want to talk to me. I could tell you more about Columbus in 15 minits than you have learned in 40 years, but you don't want to hear it. You want to go around wonderin whether you belong to Kamchatka or the United States."

He went off and sat down, but presently returned to add:

"And, say, if I ever catch you in any town, I'll hop right on to you and lick you blind in two minits!"

Then he sat down, pulled an 1894 almanac from his coattail pocket and was soon deeply immersed in the moon's phases.—Detroit Free Press

NO VACATION FOR MANY.

Employers Plead That the Times Are Hard.

When Escape from Debilitating Summer is Not Possible

Thousands Will Follow the Example of Mabel Jenness.

Vacations are in sight—for some.

But there are myriads of over-worked men and women who will get no vacations this year, who will stay at home and simply work and suffer.

Employers plead hard times.

But these tired out, too often uncomplaining men and women need to be told how poor they, and not their employers, really are. They endure the worst kind of poverty, as if it were something there was no use struggling against—poverty of blood and nerves; and it is not until their bodies and brains break down that they complain and seek help.

Continued headaches, poor appetite, a constant tired feeling and nervousness should convince any reasonable person of the need of a tonic and restorative for exhausted blood and nerves.



MISS MABEL JENNESS

The ideal invigorator and reconstructive remedy for a "run down" system, for thin, poor blood and diseases of liver, kidneys and stomach is Paine's celery compound. It feeds worn-out nerve centers and builds up the strength and elasticity of the body. One takes on new weight with its use; pale cheeks gain color, and the skin, undoubtedly the best index of health, is cleared up and freed from the disfiguring signs of the bad humors that are in the blood.

Miss Mabel Jenness, who is celebrated the country over for her successful crusade for physical culture among the gentler sex, has set them a good example, as appears in a letter written by her from Washington.

"I was induced," writes Miss Jenness, "to try Paine's celery compound at a time when I was suffering from overwork and the effect of an accident. I began immediately to realize tonic and blood-nourishing effects. I take pleasure in saying that, although opposed to medicine in general, I really consider this an excellent preparation.

"I have not been able to take one day's rest (since I returned from my long, hard western trip. I am sure were it not for Paine's celery compound, which has a tonic effect, I should not be able to keep up and work hard.

"I recommended Paine's celery compound to a friend who dined with us yesterday, and on leaving here she went and bought a bottle. I shall do all I can for it, for I believe in it."

So the society woman, whose health and grace are famous the country over, and who is in a position to command the best medical advice, finds in Paine's celery compound the same relief from the effects of overwork and illness that the poorer, harder working woman finds.

And it is within the reach of all.

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Stanton's Photos are the best.

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Low Rate Excursions via the Nickel Plate Route.

The sixth annual convention of the Christian Endeavor society (Y. P. S. C. E.) assembled at Decatur, Ind., on June 14th and 15th, chose the "Nickel Plate" as the official route for the Sixth district to the Thirteenth International convention, to be held at Cleveland July 11th to 15th. Tickets on sale July 9, 10, 11; good returning until July 31, with the privilege of having return limit extended to September 15th.

A special train will carry the delegates and their friends to Cleveland and return. Round trip fare, $5.50.

The Baptist Young People's union of America will meet in Toronto July 19 to 22. Tickets on sale July 17, 18, 19; good returning until September 15th.

The Nickel Plate route, via Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lewiston and Lake Ontario, forms the most direct route, besides affording a view of the falls and a trip across Lake Ontario.

Unusually low rates to all summer tourist points, both east and west. For further information call on, or address,

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Mrs. L. N. Sawyer, Claremont, N. H.

"Most satisfactory. You will receive further orders from me from time to time."
Bryan W. Tichenor, Att'y at Law, Tucson, Arizona.

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Mrs. Margaret Newpane, Harry, Ill.

"The Boy's Clothes arrived all right and am well pleased with them." W. J. K. Irwin, Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

"Goods received and give good satisfaction in every respect. You may look for future orders." J. M. Rigg, Lafayette, Ala.

A suit of ALL-WOOL clothes, ages 6 to 15 years—a Stanley Cap to match the suit—and a Pair of Stout and Shapely Shoes—that's The Hub's Head-To-Foot-Outfit for $5.00.

Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. with privilege of examination to any part of the United States if $1.00 deposit is sent with order. If not satisfactory we agree to refund the purchase price. Samples of cloth FREE. In ordering include the postage.

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NIAGARA FALLS EXCURSION!

Thursday, August 2, 1894, via the Lake Erie and Western R. R. "Natural Gas Route."

On Thursday, August 2, 1894, the Lake Erie and Western R. R. will run their popular annual excursion to Cleveland, Chautauqua Lake, Buffalo and Niagara Falls at following very low rates, viz:

Peoria, $7.50; Bloomington, $7.00; Lafayette, $6.00; Michigan City, $6.00; Indianapolis, $5.00; Tipton, $5.00; Lima, $4.00; Fort Wayne, $5.00; Muncie, $5.00; Connersville, $5.00; Rushville, $5.00; New Castle, $5.00; Cambridge City, $5.00; Fremont, $4.00; Sandusky, $4.00.

With corresponding reductions from intermediate points.

In addition to the above, the purchasers of these tickets will be given privilege of special excursion side trips to Lewiston-on-the-Lake, including a steamboat ride on Lake Ontario, for 25 cents. To Toronto and return by Lake from Lewiston $1.00; to Thousand Islands, $5.00. Tickets for the above side trips can be had when purchasing Niagara Falls ticket, or at any time on train.

Besides the above privileges, with that of spending Sunday at the Falls, we will furnish all those who desire a side trip from Brocton Junction to Chautauqua Lake and return FREE OF CHARGE.

Tickets of admission to places of special interest at or near Niagra Falls, but outside the reservation, including toll over the International Bridge to the Canadian side, elevators to the water's edge at Whirlpool Rapids on the Canadian side, will be offered on train at a reduction from prices charged after reaching the Falls.

Do not miss this opportunity to spend Sunday at Niagara Falls. The excursion train will arrive at Niagara Falls 7.00 a. m., Friday, August 3, 1894, and will leave the Falls returning Sunday morning, August 5, at 5 o'clock, stopping at Cleveland Sunday afternoon, giving an opportunity to visit the magnificent monument of the late President Garfield, and many other interesting points.

Tickets will be good, however, to return on regular trains leaving the Falls Saturday, August 4, for those not desiring to remain over. Tickets will also be good returning on all regular trains up to and including Tuesday, August 7, 1894. Secure your tickets, also chair and sleeping car accommodations, early. Those desiring can secure accommodations in these cars while at the Falls. For further information call on any agent Lake Erie and Western R. R., or address

C. F. DALY, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Indianapolis, Ind.
19tf

Call at Wabash Ticket Office and get one of those descriptive books on how to make the trip to Mackinac Island by water. They are free. 20 tf

Stanton's Photos are the best.

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Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time
as follows:
* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.
Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound.	West Bound.
* 5.25 a. m.	* 1.20 a. m.
* 5.55 a. m. From Chi...	* 8.20 a. m. Limited
† 12.15 p. m.	† 8.50 a. m.
* 3.15 p. m.	† 11.40 a. m.
* 3.25 p. m. Limited...	* 4.20 p. m.
† 3.10 p. m. Crestline...	* 8.30 p. m.
† 10.35 p. m. From Chi...	* 9.25 p. m. From Crestline.

THE WABASH LINE—Trains carrying Passengers leave FORT WAYNE.
Schedule of May 20, 1894.

GOING EAST.	DEPART.
New York and Boston lim., daily..	4 49 a m
Toledo Express, except Sunday....	11 52 a m
Atlantic Express, daily....	1 52 p m
Local Freight....	6 00 a m
Lafayette Accommodation (arrive) except Sunday....	11 00am

GOING WEST.	DEPART.
Pacific Express, daily....	6 [illegible] a m
Kansas City Ex., except Sunday....	1 [illegible] a m
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday....	3 10 p m
St. Louis Limited, daily....	[illegible] p m

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Fort Wayne.	Ar Indianapolis
8 25am	2 50pm
1 35pm	6 50pm
5 30pm	11 05pm
3 30pm	9 30pm
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Fort Wayne**
7 00am	1 00pm
1 25pm	1 00pm
7 30pm	4 45am
7 00pm	4 43am

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, dining cars and new free chair cars on New York vestibule limited. Free chair cars and dining car on Pacific limited express. Kansas City express and Dannon Hall has new free reclining chair and palace sleeping cars to Kansas City without change.

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket agent, Fort Wayne Ind.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.

* For Grand Rapids and North....	Lv. 2.15 am
....	Lv. 8.05 am
....	Lv. 2.55 pm
† From Richmond....	Ar. 10.55 pm

GOING SOUTH.

† For Richmond and Cincinnati....	Lv. 5.45am
....	Lv. 12.35 pm
....	Lv. 11.45 pm
† From Grand Rapids....	Ar. 7.45 pm

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 153 Way Freight....	5 35 pm
No. 155 Cin. Express and Mail....	10 05 am
No. 156 Detroit & Ind'pls Express....	4 35 pm

NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 152 Way Freight....	6 40 pm
No. 154 Through Express and Mail....	11 45 am
No. 156 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex....	4 45 pm

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express....	*3 15 am	*3 15 am
Cleveland Mail....	†1 30 pm	11 45 pm
Eastern Express....	*6 45 pm	*7 05 pm
Local Freight....	†5 00 pm	†5 10 am
WEST.	**Arr.**	**Dep.**
Chicago Express....	*3 10 am	*3 20 am
Chicago Mail....	†1 35 pm	11 05 pm
Western Express....	*4 30 pm	*4 40 pm
Local Freight....	†4 35 pm	†7 00 am

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday. Through Buffet sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates and baggage checked to destination.

M. C. BAKER, District Pass. Agt.,
Depot, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.

No. 140 Passenger....	Arrive 11 50 am
No. 142 Passenger....	7 30 pm
No. 170 Local....	4 50 pm

SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.

No. 141 Passenger....	Leave 7 15 am
No. 143 Passenger....	6 00 pm
No. 171 Local....	9 00 am

† Daily except Sunday. * Daily.

Cincinnati and Indianapolis Time-card

Leave Fort Wayne.	Arrive Indianapolis.	Arrive Cincinnati.
7:15 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	10:15 p. m.	10:50 p. m.

Leave Cincinnati.	Leave Indianapolis.	Arrive Fort Wayne.
4:40 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	11:40 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	10:50 p. m.

PART SECOND. | 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. | PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. | SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. | PRICE FIVE CENTS

BILL NYE HAS A FIRE

BUT BY MUCH THOUGHT HE PUTS IT OUT.

Then the Insurance Adjuster Comes and Gets In His Work—A Few General Remarks on the Subject—The New Drink That Helped Nye.

[Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.]

AT HOME, June, 1894.

The Earl of Bismuth, who joined the great Coxey tournament in Washington and acted as May queen there for two weeks, has just returned to Ticktown, this state, feeling cast down right much.

The Earl of Bismuth is a darkish man, with broad shoulders, and claims that some of the blood of the Castilians courses along his veins. He has done nothing that one could not do honestly to avoid industry. He eats farinaceous food and wears sandals made of coffee sacking brought from Persia to Ticktown by Jules Bryson.

For years Bismuth has been the life of Ticktown—merry, hilarious and rollicsome. He returns cast down and has a very tender place on the frog of his foot.

He has grown up in Ticktown and has always found a roof to shelter him here. Sometimes it was one roof, sometimes another, but when he got to



THE EARL'S RETURN.

Washington he found a frosty welcome and spent some time in solitary confinement with the members of the commonweal.

He hove in sight over the crest of Potato hill night before last and has been well received on account of the strange and interesting sights he has seen.

One lobe of his whiskers is gone, and I am told that it got caught in the door of the senate chamber as the earl was coming away.

He fears that no great monetary change will be made before fall and regrets that his trip was not more immediately productive of good.

Pressworal Hamilton of Possum Trot is looked for next week, but was delayed a short time to answer for eating the contents of an incubator at Washington. He had hoped to be met up with by a large reception on his return to Possum Trot, but now writes with blue chalk on a cattle car which came yesterday that a quiet little reception and dinner will be best, take it all around.

He says that the above reports about him are untrue, however, but that he was disabled by being stepped on at the door of the capitol while he was perusing a page who stood near by.

Since writing my last letter fire has broken out in my chateau, which stands on the east side of the deer park, and which can be seen for over a mile. The building is erected in the Anglo-Saxon style, running back as far as William the Conqueror on one side, while on the other it runs back to the henhouse.

Smoke was noticed at about dusk coming from the ballroom, and before the coachman could get the dishes done up fire had been seen beneath the chancel, which connected with the building on that side.

The chateau is 15 miles from Asheville as the bird flies, and my well is between 100 and 150 feet in depth, with a pair of moss covered buckets on the inside. These buckets are suspended by means of a chain, which is of course 110 feet or so in length. When one of these moss covered buckets meets the other in the middle of the well, the empty one going down knocks the contents of the full one almost entirely, plumb out, and so the service is not entirely satisfactory in case of fire.

The flames were now supposed to be slowly eating their way to the wine cellar, where I keep a flagon of mountain dew and a case of colic to offset each other. Heavy volumes of dark smoke were seen emerging from the facade of an escarpment which I had put on the house by a man who learned how to be a carpenter a year ago. He learned by chopping his way out of jail.

By this time one of the moss covered buckets had arrived at the top of the well, but the colored equerry who drew it was so overheated that he had to drink the most of it to resuscitate himself.

When I announced that the fire was in the wine cellar, a neighbor of mine who stood watching the glorious sight jumped into the flames, and his body has never been fully recovered.

At this time one of the ramparts fell, and the whole scene was lighted up for miles around. I began to think rapidly. Still I was perfectly cool. Every one who saw me said that he had never seen a cooler or more collected man. Any one to look at me would not have dreamed that I was thinking.

Suddenly remembering that the chateau was built by an Asheville builder, whose address I will supply at any time, I pushed the house over, and I put the fire out with a pan of milk. Then I tipped it back in place, and bidding good night cheerily to one and all I retired to my slumbers.

The building is heavily insured, and four men and a team have been here a couple of weeks adjusting the loss.

The library was completely gutted, and I barely escaped myself.

But in time of danger I care no more for my life than for going to my dinner.

The insurance money comes in very handily at this time, and nearly $100 will be put into immediate circulation. It is quite a windfall, as one may say. Five dollars of this amount was allowed for the loss of the library.

An insurance adjuster is one who stands between the insured and immediate wealth. If it were not for the adjuster, the insurance company would soon give way all its money and fetch up in the poorhouse. When notice of my loss was sent in, the company wanted to pay me for the house, grounds and barn at once, but the adjuster said, "No; you must not give Mr. Nye all your money, for you would run short and be a vagrant inside of a year."

So the adjuster came. After awhile I convinced him that I did not set the house afire, and I could see that it was a relief to him, for he was a man who loved to believe in his fellow men.

I proved that my wife was very dangerously ill on the night of the fire, and that her life for three days had been despaired of, and so looking into my great, deep, honest eyes he said: "Some men might say that you had selected this time to become a wealthy widower and skip, but I am not so soured against my fellow men as that. I believe that if the house was set afire some one else did it."

I am insured in five companies besides the one that carries my piano, and so really there should have been six adjusters and the local agent in addition to the independent adjuster, but the climate here is so pure and bracing that one man can do the brain work of two, and so they did not all come.

The local agent and the adjuster, I find, are two different men. One is a social favorite and a pleasing conversationist, while the other is a man who tells you how cheaply houses like yours can be built nowadays.

The agent gives you all sorts of advantages over the company, and when the adjuster comes you find that those things, after all, were not put into the policy. He also takes you around behind the barn and shows you that, as a matter of fact, your policy has been vitiated seven or eight times within the past year, but he will say nothing of that because you evidently did not set the house on fire yourself, and you seem to want to do better and live a purer life, so he will give you $22 and pass receipts. Then he looks at his watch and says he must hurry away and make some other home happy with his ready John, and away he goes.

The agent and the adjuster are both hardy characters, but in a different way. One fixes it so that you will, in case of fire, be about $1,000 better off, while the other makes you feel so glad to think that the company has not slopped you into jail for fraud that you tremble all over till he goes away.

I was glad that all the adjusters did not come. If they had, I would have been a poor man.

Once I had a house insured for $15,000, and lightning struck one of the chimneys and destroyed the roof, the falling bricks cutting through the tin so that an entire new roof had to be put on. I had planned to go to Italy that summer, but I had to stay at home and prove that I did not tip that chimney over on the house myself in order to get a new roof.

Life insurance is not quite so bad, although I expect to be dug up by seven or eight different companies in order that they may be plumb sure that I am not playing possum on them.

When the adjusters went away, I felt from what they said to me that I was a sort of janitor for these insurance companies, and that if I did not use more care in protecting the property I would be discharged and another man put in my place.

I want to add one word in closing regarding the good effects on my health shown from the constant use of Lithia water, if the reader will pardon my deflection from the insurance business.

Last month I was quite ill for a week, and among other things had quite a chill one evening, but a lot of big hot water bottles placed about my person



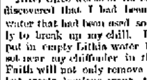
THE WIDOW DRINK.

soon warmed me up, and I went to sleep comfortably. In a day or two I was up again and decided to try the benefits of Lithia water, which some of the family had been using with good results.

This is not a certificate for the benefit of that beverage, but I did see a marked improvement, which my friends also noticed, for I had taken over three large gallon bottles during the time. I stuck to it night and day. If I woke up in the night, I would go to that big half gallon bottle and drink all that I could hold.

I began to feel like a boy again, and I danced and sang all the day long.

After three weeks of its steady use I discovered that I had been using the water that had been used so successfully to break up my chill. It had been put in empty Lithia water bottles and set near my chiffonier in the moving. Faith will not only remove mountains, but warts, bunions, wens, tumors and ingrowing nails.



The All Absorbing Topic.

A young husband met an old and preoccupied friend whose mind is weighted with thoughts of things extraneous to family affairs, but wishing to be agreeable he asked after the family and of course the baby. "Beautiful, beautiful!" was the reply. "We had the little fellow christened on Sunday." "Indeed," said the preoccupied one, with an air of interest, and then inquired, "On the arm or on the leg?"—Doctor of Hygiene.

Comparison.

Elsie—Just look at the lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Isabel—Why, who would have thought your finger as large as mine?—Detroit Tribune.

MILLIONS IN SUGAR.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE GREAT HAVEMEYER TRUST.

Wherein It Resembles the Standard Oil Monopoly—Points of Interest Concerning Sugar Magnates—Parsons, the Trust's Counsel—Spreckels, the Sugar King.

The Sugar trust investigation has turned the public eye in the direction of trusts and the men who have made them, and there has been much comparing and contrasting of their growth and their methods. There are many interesting parallels and equally interesting differences between the two greatest trusts, the American Sugar Refining company and the Standard Oil company.

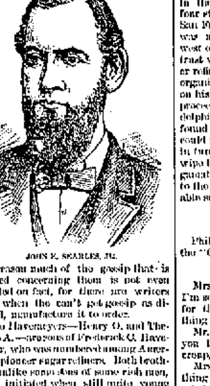
The general plan of each of these powerful combinations of capital greatly resembles the plan of the other. In each case the lawyer who formulated



HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.

the scheme was handsomely rewarded, both as to the immediate dollar and subsequent rich counsel fees. In each case the lawyer was directed to formulate a plan for an unincorporated organization in order to avoid the antitrust laws. In each case the carefully gotten up scheme was in time declared illegal by the courts, the Standard Oil in Ohio and the Sugar trust in New York. It is held by the magnates of the Standard Oil company that without such an organization as theirs the petroleum industry would go to the dogs. The Sugar trust people feel equally certain that they are the salt of the sugar business, so to speak. A very large number of persons outside the charmed circle of stockholders to whom fat dividends are paid believe that trusts generally and these two in particular work great injustice and hardship to the masses.

The projectors of the Standard Oil company blazed out a new path, and Lawyer Dodd, who was employed by them to put their plan into legal shape, was an obscure and comparatively untried practitioner of Pennsylvania. The originators of the Sugar trust were imitative in their plan and selected for their counsel John E. Parsons of New York, than whom no practitioner in the United States had a larger income at the time. Both trusts, when declared illegal as conducted under the unchartered plan, were reorganized at once as corporations under the auspices of the same lawyers who drew up the original schemes. The Standard Oil company was created by men who were born poor and had won wealth by dint of hard struggling. The Sugar trust was created by men who inherited their wealth—won when they were boys by their fathers. Opulence "beyond the dreams of avarice" has been the reward of all parties connected with both organizations, but the Standard Oil magnates are much less fond of displaying their wealth than the Sugar trust men. Each organization has one member who is conspicuous for his benevolence. In the Standard Oil this is John D. Rockefeller; in the Sugar trust it is Henry O. Havemeyer. Mr. Rockefeller has shown his open handedness to a much greater degree than has Mr. Havemeyer, but perhaps the wealth of the former is as much greater than the latter's as his benevolence. In both cases the trust managers have been glad to amalgamate with such competitors as they could not crush, the late Charles Pratt of Brooklyn being perhaps the most conspicuous one taken in by the Standard Oil, and Claus Spreckels the best known of those received into the fold of the Sugar trust. The leading spirits in both have been brothers, and all the magnates of both trusts dislike newspaper notoriety. For



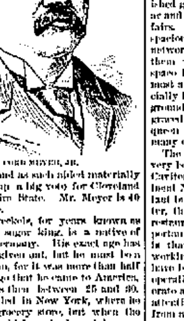
JOHN E. SEARLES, JR.

this reason much of the gossip that is printed concerning them is not even founded on fact, for there are writers who, when the can't get gossip as directed, manufacture it to order.

The Havemeyers—Henry O. and Theodore A.—are sons of Frederick C. Havemeyer, who was numbered among America's pioneer sugar refiners. Both brothers, unlike some sons of some rich men, were initiated when still quite young into the business of sugar refining, and both delighted from the beginning in the task of mastering all its details. Today it is said that there are not two men in existence who know more about the kind of soil and climate best adapted to the growth of sugar cane, the cultivation and harvesting of the crop, the expressing of the juice, the grades produced in different parts of the world, the chemical and mechanical processes of refining the raw sugar or the markets of the world than Theodore A. and Henry O. Havemeyer. In other words, like most successful men, they know their own business thoroughly and have stuck to it. Both these men live in splendid style, Henry O., the present president, in Stamford, near Greenwich, Conn. It is in Greenwich that his benevolence has been more in evidence than elsewhere, having taken the form of a most magnificent schoolhouse, erected at a cost of $150,000 or thereabouts and fitted out with all that is newest and best in the educational line, including a most complete gymnasium. The New York offices of the Havemeyers are located near the river front on a side street in a four story brick building, substantial enough in appearance, but positively mean looking by the side of some of New York's commercial palaces, one of the most imposing of which indeed is the property of the Havemeyers themselves.

J. E. Searles, Jr., secretary and treasurer of the organization, was perhaps the leading spirit in the movement for the adoption of the trust form. He is a citizen of Brooklyn and has to do with many of that city's most important social and business interests. He is prominently identified with the Methodist (Seney) hospital, to which he has made large contributions at various times. In religion he is a Methodist, is greatly interested in the Brooklyn Church society, organized to plant new churches of his denomination in Brooklyn, and was among those who gave freely toward the erection of what is now the handsomest house of worship in the City of Churches, the New York Avenue M. E. church. From the fact that his enthusiasm is equally evident as to church and trust it is plain that he perceives nothing contrary to the spirit of the former in the conduct of the latter.

Neither of the Havemeyers nor Mr. Searles has been prominently identified with politics of late, though the Havemeyers were conspicuous friends of Mr. Tilden when he ran on the Democratic ticket for president in 1876, and it has been testified by the Havemeyers that during the past few years the trust has contributed to the campaign funds of both parties, but Cord Meyer, a heavy stockholder in the trust, was the nominee of the Democrats for secretary of state on the New York state ticket in 1893. In 1892 he was a member of the state executive committee on the Democratic side and as such aided materially in rolling up a big vote for Cleveland in the Empire State. Mr. Meyer is 40 years of age.



CORD MEYER, JR.

Claus Spreckels, for years known as the world's sugar king, is a native of Hanover, Germany. His exact age has never been given out, but he must be a very old man, for it was more than half a century ago that he came to America, and he was then between 25 and 30. He first settled in New York, where he started a grocery store, but when the California gold fever broke out he gave up his grocery business and betook himself to the Pacific slope, though not to break his back digging for the precious metal. It was clear to him that the surest source of gain lay in selling supplies to the men who took their chances in the mines, and the event proved the correctness of his vision. Everything he touched returned him handsome profits, and when his brothers joined him on the coast they combined in the brewery business. A few years later he went into sugar, having observed that cane grew luxuriantly on the Sandwich Islands; that labor was cheap there, and that Hawaii was nearer San Francisco, so far as cost of transportation between the two places is concerned, than Louisiana.

The growth of Spreckels' saccharine enterprise was of the sort that is said by imaginative writers to remind them of the stories of suddenly acquired wealth that are to be found in the "Arabian Nights." Along with his monetary acquisitions he secured almost unlimited power over King Kalakaua, then the ruler of Hawaii, who fell so completely under Spreckels' domination that he and not the dusky monarch was said to be the real sovereign. He now owned the largest sugar plantation in the world—16,000 acres. It took four steamers to carry his raw sugar to San Francisco to be refined, and there was no competition worth speaking of west of the Rockies. Then the Sugar trust was formed in the east, the weaker refineries of the coast joined the new organization, and Spreckels had a fight on his hands. He did not shrink, but proceeded to build a refinery in Philadelphia to teach the trust a lesson. He found after a time, however, that he could not down the trust. Its managers, in turn, discovered that they could not wipe him out, and the result was amalgamation, though not until both parties to the contest had squandered considerable sums of money therein.

M. I. DEXTER.

Pious Philadelphia.

Philadelphia now leads Brooklyn as the "City of Churches."

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas——

Mrs. New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Life.

Post Mortem.

Mortuary jests at the expense of doctors will have no end. It is recorded that one doctor lately asked another:

"How do you manage to get your bills paid?"

"Oh, I generally have to sue the heirs," answered the second doctor.—Youth's Companion.

A Lesson In Manners.

Little Boy—How long have you had that doll?

Little Miss—This is a girl doll, and you oughtn't to ask her age.—Good News.

Very Fervent.

Little Dot—Why do you pray so loud for things you want? God isn't deaf.

Little Dick—No, but grandpa is.—Life.

MILAN'S GREAT SHOW

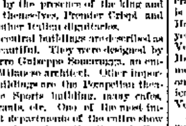
IT IS IN EVERY WAY WORTHY OF THAT BEAUTIFUL CITY.

A Castle Dating From the Fifteenth Century Is Used as One of the Most Important Buildings—Hasty Review of Some of the Most Notable Features.

According to all accounts, the exposition now going on at Milan is one of the most successful of the year, judged both from the quality of the show itself and the attendance of visitors.

The exposition grounds are to the north of the city, centering in the historic old castle of the Sforza-Visconti, a structure that has had a prominent place in Milanese records ever since the fifteenth century. The scheme for the present exposition was broached in the public journals as early as March, 1893, and although last year was one of depression in Italy and indeed in all Europe as well as in America, the Milanese took hold of the matter at once and with enthusiasm, and by the beginning of 1894 it was well understood by the people of the entire country that Milan was not only in earnest, but quite competent to organize and carry through to a successful termination a fair that would combine transient interest with permanent benefit both to Milan and indirectly to her sister cities.

Not only is the exposition fortunate in being allowed the use of the castle and its grounds, but the president of the executive committee, who has had charge directly of the work of construction and arrangement, is the Prince Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, a scion of a noble Milanese family, a brave soldier, a polished gentleman, an accomplished scholar and above all a practical man of affairs. The grounds about the castle are spacious and beautiful and crossed by a network of noble avenues—they call them vias in Milan—and the whole space has been decorated in the gayest, most attractive manner possible. Especially bright was the appearance of the grounds on the opening day, which was graced by the presence of the king and queen themselves, Premier Crispi and many other Italian dignitaries.



THE CASTLE IN 1860.

The central buildings are described as very beautiful. They were designed by Cavaliere Guiseppe Sommaruga, an eminent Milanese architect. Other important buildings are the Pompeiian theater, the Sports building, many cafes, restaurants, etc. One of the most important departments of the entire show is that devoted to the "operaja," or working class. The experiments that have been made in the direction of co-operative labor in Milan have been elaborate and so successful as to attract the attention of students and economists from all over Europe. With full consideration of the facts the directors of the exposition have given this department more space than any other, and they have been rewarded for their sagacity by the absorbing interest that has been bestowed thereon by the visitors.

The horticultural section has been arranged in such a manner as to display a constant succession of exquisite blooms, possibly the palms and orchids being the most attractive features. The photographic section is also highly interesting. One is bewildered, however, in trying to decide which he shall admire most—the artistic or the scientific features. In printing, too, there are many most interesting devices shown, and one of these makes it possible, so it is reported, to print any number of colors at one impression. The new process is called sincromia, and it is asserted that as many copies of a plate with 100 colors may be made in one day by this method as may be turned off by the old method of a picture of five colors in a week. Besides there are not the same opportunities for misprinting, owing, of course, to the use of but one plate in the new process, as by the old, in which as many plates are required as there are colors to be shown.

The musical section, located in the Pompeiian theater, is also a most interesting one. It abounds in manuscript and autographic scores by the most eminent Italian composers, and likewise in a marvelous variety of operatic costumes. The department of fine arts is one to draw out the most enthusiastic admiration of picture lovers and those who delight in sculpture. There are 2,000 pictures in all and a bewildering variety of examples of the plastic art. The departments devoted to telegraphy and photography, too, are worthy of special mention, the exhibits being of intense interest alike to the professional, the amateur and the layman.

Among the structures the splendid arch of peace is a marvel of artistic beauty. In fact, the exposition of Milan, taken altogether or considered in parts, quite merits the extensive patronage that is being bestowed upon it.

C. T. BAXTER.

John Adams' Idea.

Of the day on which our independence was declared John Adams said:

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be celebrated with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

Chicago Women and the Suffrage.

The Chicago Woman's club has added a woman suffrage section to its other departments.

MME. CARNOT.

Charming Personality of the Woman Widowed by the Hand of Assassin Santo.

Mme. Carnot, the charming woman who was recently made a widow by the hand of an Italian assassin, was a fitting companion for the loyal, shrewd, high minded president of France. She was Mlle. Dupont-White before her marriage to the then unknown Marie Francois Sadi Carnot in 1861. Her official rule as first lady of France has been an unqualified success, and her numerous social graces, charming personality and unquestioned intellectuality have made her the idol of the French people.

She has won her great success, too, in spite of the fact that she is very deaf. Her infirmity has been constantly growing during the past few years, but as her hearing decreased her power of vision increased, and she has been wonderfully successful in divining what a person was saying to her by the movement of the lips. It is said that when Mme. Carnot began her reign she found social chaos at the capital. Democracy



MME. CARNOT.

was enthroned, and very vulgar democracy at that. The dinners at the executive mansion were more remarkable for the amount of wine consumed than for the wit displayed. Mme. Carnot changed all this, and during the Carnot administration a state dinner was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, with, of course, a slight dash of wine in it.

Mme. Carnot is of medium height, with an olive complexion and Roman features. She devotes her mornings to her family and personally looks after the education of her children. She speaks English and Italian and has a fair knowledge of other useful languages. One thing that has made Mme. Carnot the great social success that she has been during her late husband's term of office is the fact that she is without doubt the best dressed woman in all France. Youth seems bound to her by the ties of health and amiability, and her numerous admirers say she will look five and twenty to the day of her death despite the presence of a married daughter in the house. She takes great interest in the welfare of women, and despite her impaired hearing she has always turned anything but a deaf ear to the plaints of the poor and unfortunate. Her married life with M. Carnot was very happy, and his tragic end has been a terrible blow.

ONE ARMED, BUT ACTIVE.

Career of Captain Urban Woodbury, Candidate For Governor of Vermont.

Captain Urban Andrian Woodbury, who was recently nominated for governor of Vermont by the Republicans, is a veteran with a good war record. He was born in Acworth, N. H., 50 years ago, but has been a resident of Vermont ever since he was 2 years old. He received a regulation American common school education in Morristown and later was graduated from the medical department of the University of Vermont.

At the outbreak of the civil war young Woodbury entered the service as sergeant in Company H, Second regiment, Vermont volunteers. Two months after his enlistment he lost an arm in the thick of the fight at Bull Run's bloody rout, was taken prisoner, was paroled in October of the same year and was discharged from the service on account of disability two weeks later. War had already cost him his entire right arm, but he was still full of fight, and less than a year later he was again in the field as captain of Company D, Eleventh regiment, Vermont volunteers.



URBAN ANDRIAN WOODBURY.

He retained his command until March, 1865, when he resigned. He promptly turned his sword into a cant hook, metaphorically speaking, by entering the lumber business in Burlington, in which he is still engaged.

Captain Woodbury's political career began in 1881, when he was elected alderman in Burlington. The following year he was chosen president of the board of aldermen, and in 1885 he stepped into the mayor's chair. Three years thereafter he was elected lieutenant governor of the state. He is a member of the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion, the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Sons of the American Revolution and has taken the thirty-second degree in the Masonic fraternity.

The American Hog In Europe.

The people of Europe last year partly satisfied their appetites with 614,000,000 pounds of American bacon, 84,000,000 pounds of American hams and 81,600,000 pounds of American pork.

"Got a boat?" she brusquely demanded of a Detroit photographer as she walked in the other day.

"Yes'm."

"And a fishpole?"

"Yes'm."

"And a painted ocean for a background?"

"Yes'm."

"Look like Cape May?"

"It does."

"Can you get a good looking young man to sit on the boat with me?"

"I can."

"Then I want six photos."

"Yes'm. Do you go to the seashore this summer?"

"Naw! Dad's busted in business, and we've got to take cheap board on a farm. I want the photos just the same, you know. Want 'em to send to a girl friend who is sick and can't get anywhere this summer. She'll think I'm down there all right."

"Sort of an illusion, eh?"

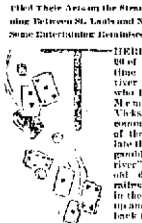
"Sort o' revenge rather. We were down there last season, and she stole my summer young man away. I want to make her believe I've got him back. Hurry up with the feller and tell him he can sit with one arm around me and his mustache touching my ear."—Detroit Free Press.

TIMES WERE EASY THEN

For Mississippi River Gamblers In the Old Days.

THEY FLEECED THE PLANTERS.

Half a Thousand Professional Card Sharps Plied Their Arts on the Steamboats Running Between St. Louis and New Orleans. Some Entertaining Reminiscences.



THERE are about 20 of the real old time Mississippi river gamblers who linger about Memphis and Vicksburg, and a common delight of theirs is to relate the glories of gambling on "the river" in the good old days before railroads honored the Mississippi up and down each bank from source to mouth. Tom Ellison, now tottering about Vicksburg on warm days and showing the effects of severe rheumatism and 72 years of age in every movement, is probably the most widely known of any of the old river gamblers now living.

"There isn't any more gambling now," said Tom the other day to a New York Sun correspondent, "and no gamblers either. Look at what they call gamblers now—kids, nothing but kids, who haven't got either sense or manners. There ain't many of us old fellows left, and it is hard scratching most of the time to make regular connections with meals. The river used to be the place for gambling, but that's been dead for over 20 years, and I don't guess it'll ever come to life again. But those were the days, my boy, great days for the town, with 25 steamboats all at the wharf at once, the levee covered with drays, and every sport with stuff in his pockets and lots of good clothes.

"I guess there were 500 men who worked the boats between here and New Orleans, and there's no telling how much money they did pull off the travelers. It was dead easy money, too, all the time. Every one who traveled had lots of stuff, and every one was willing to bet, and bet high. So when a fellow did win he won right out of the hole at once. Those southern planters used to lose money just like fun, and we skinned right and left. Occasionally they caught on, and then was a shooting match, but the boys didn't take much chance on being plugged.

"The fellows had to be pretty slick, I can tell you. When a boat started out of New Orleans, say, a couple of gamblers would be on board. They were often well educated fellows and always fine dressers. All they did was just get acquainted with men with money, and size up how much they had. This was easily done, because card playing was the only thing to pass away the time. These suppers wouldn't win any money. They were just to do the gentleman, but when they got off the boat their pals came on at some point up the river with a full knowledge of how much money there was on the boat, what men had it, and how those men were best approached.

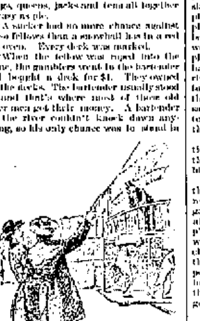
"It wasn't hard to get acquainted, and it wasn't hard to get up a game of euchre after a drink. Once the game was on the thing was smooth. The dealer fixed the deck and dealt out a good poker hand to the mark, but a better one to his own partner, who promptly declared:

"'I've got a hand I'd like to bet on.'

"'So have I,' replied Mr. Mark, and then they got into betting, and the stranger got skinned right and left. The cards were stacked and marked on the back, so that he didn't have any chance at all to win. All the playing was done with old star backs. I've seen fellows pick every card in a pack and call it without missing one. I've seen them shuffle them one for one all through from top to bottom, so that they were in the same position after a dozen shuffles that they were in at first. They'd just flutter them up like a flock of quail and get the aces, kings, queens, jacks and tens all together as easy as pie.

"A sucker had no more chance against these fellows than a snowball has in a red hot oven. Every deck was marked.

"When the fellow was roped into the game, the gamblers went to the bartender and bought a deck for $1. They owned all the decks. The bartender usually stood in, and that's where most of these old river men got their money. A bartender on the river couldn't knock down anything, so his only chance was to stand in



"WHY, YOU SUCKER, THAT'S SO-AND-SO FROM ST. LOUIS."

with the gang. They divided pretty fair in those times. I have known captains to stand in and take their share of the plunder like little men.

"The bartender often came in very handy. When the party sat down to play, he would first show up with the drinks ordered by the gambler. He'd get there just after the suckers cut the deck and pass around the drinks on the tray. It wasn't any trouble to just carry a marked deck under the tray and drop it down while picking up the cut deck. The deal went on, and the suckers got skinned. I have seen this shift made often, and a fellow would hardly believe it can be done so quickly.

"Another scheme was to get the sucker to bet on picking out the cards, say the jacks. He'd bet the sharper couldn't pick out the jack of spades, and the sharper would miss it a couple of times and complain that his hand was wrong. He managed to go away just then and leave the deck behind him, when his pal would suggest the plan of stealing the jack and then beating his own game. The victim fell in, of course, and they stole the jack, and he hid it in his pocket. Then the first man came back, and the talk is renewed, and the bets got high. The sucker is sure he can't lose, for he has his jack in his pocket, and he is willing to bet on a dead sure thing.

"So they go, and the man with the cards picks out the cards.

"'There's the jack of diamonds,' and up it turns; 'jack of hearts,' and there he is sure enough. 'Jack of clubs' comes all right, and next he says, 'And here's your card, sir, jack of spades,' and he pulls it out, face down, and pushes it toward the mark, who has his hand on his card in his pocket. He doesn't bet that it isn't the card, and the bet is taken. The third party turns up the card, and to his surprise it is the jack of spades, shifted in out of another deck. I saw a man lose $1,500 on that game to an old gambler named Bill Voss, and he never said a word, but got his grip and left the boat at the next landing.

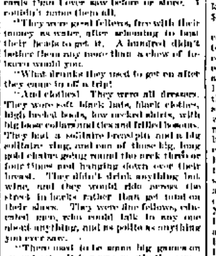
"Billy Peoples used to work on the lower river, and he was a dandy. He roped in a judge from this city one day to a little game, and the judge, who wasn't very flush, caught on to his game. He went to the bartender and got a lot of wildcat money, wrapped it around with a couple of twenties, and put some fives in the middle. They started on euchre, and the judge got the usual good poker hand, and Mr. Peoples played in. The judge knew Peoples' game was to let him win to make his final skinning all the surer. He lost a couple of times just to flash his roll and skin off fives to Billy. They played till supper, and the judge quit $185 winner.

"After supper Billy wanted to open up the game, but the judge wouldn't have it, and Billy kicked. He went ashore and told a friend about the fellow who had done him, and just as he was telling it the judge came to the rail, and Billy pointed him out to his friend.

"'Why, you sucker,' said the friend, 'that's so and so from St. Louis. He knows every gambler on the river.'

"Billy offered the judge a $100 suit of clothes not to tell the story, but the judge wouldn't have it, and all New Orleans heard the story when the judge got off the boat.

"Another old gambler was Glasscock. Stage Davis was a great old boy. Jim McLane's mother allowed him $10,000 a year not to come near her, but he was broke nearly all the time, for all that, and he had to gamble to make his way. Hank Johnson was a daisy, a hard player, who never wore a pair of boots worth less than $20. Gib Cohern and Tom Mackay were the dressers of the river. All their winnings used to go in clothes. They'd send to Paris for their underclothing and all that sort of thing. They were great rivals in those days, when dress went for something.



"I SAW A COLORED BOY STAND UP AT $200."

Dock Hill was McLane's partner. Then there was Big Alexander, who worked out of Natchez; Jim McDonald, a dead shot with the pistol; Ashlock, who could do more funny work with a deck of cards than I ever saw before or since. I couldn't name them all.

"They were good fellows, free with their money as water, after scheming to beat their heads to get it. A hundred didn't bother them any more than a chew of tobacco would you.

"What drinks they used to get on after they came in off a trip!

"And clothes! They were all dressers. They wore soft black hats, black clothes, high heeled boots, low necked shirts, with big loose collars and ties and frilled bosoms. They had a solitaire breastpin and a big solitaire ring, and one of those big, long gold chains going round the neck three or four times and hanging down over their breast. They didn't drink anything but wine, and they would ride across the street in hacks rather than get mud on their shoes. They were fine fellows, educated men, who could talk to any one about anything, and as polite as anything you ever saw.

"There used to be some big games on every boat. Poker was mostly the game. They played bluff and brag a great deal, and the betting was high.

"I saw a man from Hopkinsville, Ky., lose his whole tobacco crop in one night and get up and never mind it particularly. Many a time I've seen a game player just skin off his watch and ring and studs and play them in. Men often bet their goods playing in their way bills. I've seen them betting a bale of cotton at a crack, and it wasn't at all uncommon to hear an old planter betting off his niggers on a good hand. Every man who ever ran on the river knows that these old planters used to play in their body servants, valuing them all the way from $800 to $1,500. I saw a little colored boy stand up at $200 to back his master's faith in a little flush that wasn't any good on earth.

"The niggers didn't seem to care particularly about it, and it was so common that nobody noticed it particularly. Gambling was commoner then.

"Why, it was nothing but gamble from the time the boat left St. Louis till it reached New Orleans. I've seen a faro game, three poker games and monte running in the cabin, and the deck hands played at chuck-a-luck. The gamblers would come in disguised in hayseed clothes to skin the passengers. Maybe there'd be four or five on a boat, all supposably strangers to each other and playing into each other's hands. Sometimes there'd be a kick, and the captain would get hot.

"When a passenger would squeal, the captain would ask him to pick out the man who robbed him, and the gambler, if nabbed, would have to give up the stuff and get off the boat anywhere the captain chose to run her in. The boys used to have false whiskers and wigs for these occasions, so that when the kick was made they couldn't be picked out under their disguises. Many a time I have known them to jump off the boat to get away before the kick was made and the victim could look at the passengers to find out his man. I've swum ashore myself many a time."

A Nose From a Blackbird's Breast.

A servant girl was brought into a London hospital with her nose smashed through a hydraulic lift coming in contact with it. The consulting surgeon sent out and procured a blackbird. He took out its breast, and having chloroformed the patient he placed it where the broken cartilage had been. The success was complete. When the flesh healed, it was found that the bone supported it admirably. The contour of the nose was not marred, and there was only a very slight scar, hardly perceptible, to show that the girl had ever been hurt. But for the operation she would have been disfigured for life.

The Oldest American Library.

The oldest library in the United States is claimed to be the New York Society library in University place. As its story is given, it was established by the Earl of Bellamont in 1700 in the new city hall in Wall street, where the subtreasury building now stands. New York had then a population of about 5,000.

Hydrophobia In Sweden.

Hydrophobia is most frequent in Sweden, where 252 deaths in 1,000,000 annually occur from this cause.

Apoplexy In France.

Apoplexy is most common in France, there being 300 deaths in every 10,000 annually from this cause.

GRATUITOUS MISCHIEF.

Dr. Oswald on the Philosophy of Pure Cussedness.

THE DEMON OF DESTRUCTIVENESS.

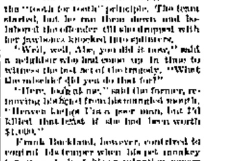
Ingratitude Is the Prerogative of Kings, but Even Plebeian Hogs Sometimes Practice It—Some Instances of Wanton and Wicked Violence.

Ingratitude is a privilege of kings, but even such plebeian creatures as hogs are liable to fits of aggressiveness, which in many cases can not be explained by the recollection of harsh treatment, writes Dr. Felix L. Oswald in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Only a few weeks ago Indiana papers gave an account of an old farmer who was killed by a Berkshire boar that had enjoyed the privileges of a family pet and had been permitted to roam at will.

"How in the world did that happen?" asked the old woman when her husband dragged himself up the porch with his bowels trailing on the steps.

"I don't know," gasped the dying man. "Jack (the boar) flew at me when I came out of the stable and knocked me down before I could reach the house. I had nothing but a pail to fight back, and he ripped me off in places."

Our medieval ancestors would have burned a brute of that sort at the stake on a charge of being possessed by the devil, and there are really cases when the rule of keeping your temper in the treatment of animals is an almost ineradicable precept. There are specimens of horned cattle that would make a cow worshiping Hindoo swear, and a few years ago a Tennessee granger killed his own mule on the highway. The creature having got a pebble in his hoof, the farmer stopped his team to remove the obstruction and had just accomplished his kind purpose when the brute kicked back and smashed about a dozen of his teeth. With the blood streaming from his mouth and half crazed with pain, he made a rush for the tail box of his wagon, snatched out an ax and treated the brute to a dose of the lex talionis, hitting away with all his might, on



AN UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

the "tooth for tooth" principle. The team started, but he ran them down and belabored the offender till she dropped with her jawbone knocked into splinters.

"Well, well, Abe, you did it now," said a neighbor who had come up in time to witness the last act of the tragedy. "What the mischief did you do that for?"

"Here, look at me," said the former, removing his hand from his mangled mouth. "Heaven knows I'm a poor man, but I'd killed that brute if she had been worth $1,000."

Frank Buckland, however, contrived to control his temper when his pet monkey tore up a stack of his examination papers on the eve of the critical day and contented himself with chucking the culprit into a bag to keep him from further mischief. His resentment was probably mollified by the fact that the kind head master consented to file the fragments of the MS. with an explanatory indorsement, and it might be questioned if his philosophy had been proof against the talents of a young chacma baboon of my acquaintance. During a temporary absence from home I left that versatile pet in charge of Dr. Robertson of Atlanta, who soon sent him back as "the greatest rascal ever heard of in sacred or profane history." One cold night Mrs. R. had quartered the young African in a snug basket behind the kitchen stove and almost fainted when she entered the kitchen the next morning. Besides breaking the basket and tearing every shred of his bedding, her guest had smashed 47 bottles of fine preserves, a set of plates and saucers, a lamp, a thermometer, a bushel bag full of miscellaneous crockery, upset a big coal oil can after removing the stopper and littered the floor with fragments of wall paper.

A billygoat in a garden can be relied upon to destroy the most valuable plants with complete disregard of their digestible qualities, and a similar penchant for gratuitous mischief is often observed in deer and pet squirrels.

Pet beavers are incorrigible thieves, and if given the freedom of the house will cram their bedbox with all sorts of stolen miscellanies, slippers, towels, brushes and lumps of coal, and if taken to the set-show confess of repentance, but fling themselves prostrate, snarling and hissing like angry cats. Their matrimonial habits, however, are unexceptionable, while several species of salt water mammals practice polygamy and are as jealous as Turkish pashas. An old male of a far seal tribe will corral some half hundred females in some cavity of the shore cliffs and not only try to kill trespassers of his own sex, but mutilate any of his plural wives whom he should catch in the attempt to wriggle back to the sea.

It would be a mistake to suppose that any creature on earth—an obstructionist congressman perhaps excepted—can surpass an old horse in the obstinacy of its balking fits. Under a shower of blows that make the hair fly at every crack, or with the rush of an approaching express train ringing in its ears, the preposterous brute will dig its hoofs in the ground and stand like a rock, glorying in its martyrdom like a Brahman fanatic. There are cases on record of horses standing their ground against the shocks of an electric battery or moving forward just enough to pull a wagon across the bundle of blazing brushwood that was scorching their hide, though the Flemish method of cure is somewhat less easy to resist. When a horse or a mule is guilty of balking, they hitch two heavy weight nags to a stout rope, slip the other end around the throat of the sulker and pull him along unless he prefers to be dragged along and get strangled.

In beasts of prey aggressive humors seem excusable, but there are omnivorous animals that abuse an opportunity for wholesale slaughter far beyond the limits of any possible business exigency. No one that has not seen a sheep killing dog at work can imagine the wolfish glee of his successive attacks on victim after victim, the frenzy of carnage apparently rising with each murder, and minks that gain access to a henhouse will continue their massacre even after the ground is covered with more dead poultry than they could eat in a year, as if under the influence not of a natural appetite, but of Dante's demon of destructiveness.

A Meek Man.

A demure looking little man approached the haughty clerk in a grocer's shop and meekly asked if he had any coffee to sell.

"We have ground coffee," said the young man.

"No other kind?"

"None. This is the best ground coffee on the market."

"But I don't want it." The little man braced up. "I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth."—Harlem Life.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.
SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

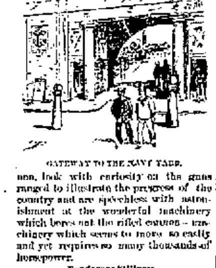
FULL OF GREAT GUNS

WHERE UNCLE SAM'S RIFLED CANNON ARE MANUFACTURED.

Getting Ready to Make a Great Navy—Our Noted Navy Yards—Interesting Relics of Historic Conflicts—The Life of a Warship—Patriotic Pride.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The navy yard is one of the stock sights of Washington. The correspondent puts in a day there soon after his assignment here and as a rule never goes near it again. The average congressman visits it once for his own sake and occasionally thereafter to show it to visiting constituents. The visitors who really enjoy it are the tourists from the great interior, nine out of ten of whom never saw an ocean vessel in their lives or a cannon larger than the ordinary fieldpiece which country towns utilize for the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions. And how they do enjoy it! The little receiving ship and its neatly uniformed recruits fill them with admiration. They swell with pride over the captured cannon,



GATEWAY TO THE NAVY YARD.

look with curiosity on the guns ranged to illustrate the progress of the country and are speechless with astonishment at the wonderful machinery which bores out the rifled cannon—machinery which seems to move so easily and yet requires so many thousands of horsepower.

Ponderous Stillness.

The ride to the navy yard is quite a pleasure in itself. The cable line on Pennsylvania avenue turns south on East Eighth street and terminates at the entrance to the yard. The visitor is at first charmed with the magnificent gateway which looks monolithic, but is not, and is really awed by the sentinel, who is impressive in blue and white and stands as stiffly as if he had swallowed one of the rammers. The general silence about the place is almost oppressive. The rules governing the yard amount to quite a code, and in addition to stringent regulations against loud talk or swearing or unnecessary noise there is an explicit instruction to every one on duty to hold no conversation whatever except in the line of duty. Even in most of the workshops there is comparatively little noise, everything running with what might be called a ponderous smoothness. The one exception is in the great hall where the rifled cannon are manufactured. It is the nature of man to respect power whether in the machine or the human being, and I know of no other place where everything seems to move with such resistless force.

Overhead the great tram car, with its monster tentacles of iron hoops and clamps and girder loops, moves backward and forward with an energy which seems as if it were beyond control, and yet the engineer who sits in the iron cage attached can stop or start it with a touch of his finger. I shall not weary the reader by describing the long guns of steel and nickel, weighing ever so many tons, which are so easily raised and lowered by the machinery of this tram car, nor the great augers, if I may call them such, which bore out the guns, seeming to move with the most gentle persuasiveness and yet tearing off the delicate shavings of steel and nickel with a power which really fascinates the beholder. Nor shall I attempt a description of the process for various reasons. It would take me at least three months to master the subject and probably another month to put it into simple English, after which the ordinary reader would require three months or so to understand it, by which time some of us would be dead or prostrated with brain fag.

Uncle Sam's Navy Yards.

The noted navy yards and stations are at Norfolk, Brooklyn, Mare island, near San Francisco; League island, near Philadelphia; Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston, New London, Conn.; Port Royal, S. C., and Seattle, the last three being regarded as mere naval stations. There are a training ship and torpedo station at Newport, R. I., and minor establishments elsewhere. The Naval War college at Newport, R. I., was formally opened a few weeks ago by Assistant Secretary of the Navy William McAdoo. The general result of all the work done at all these places and in the various shipyards is thus summed up by Mr. McAdoo at the close of the fiscal year 1894: "The United States, while it does not possess a great navy in the number of its ships, has within its limits colossal plants, both public and private, and great armies of skilled workmen, led by contractors, designers and inventors of marked ability. It is therefore essentially and substantially capable of national defense, and, if need be, of offense, operations." The general summary of every naval report of this year is that we are just ready to make a great navy and to make it quickly.

History is taught at this navy yard by object lessons, and the lessons are fascinating indeed. First is the progress in ordnance making shown by the old guns ranged in their order from the oldest pieces hammered out by the blacksmiths of colonial times and coming down or up through all the changes wrought by the Revolution, the second war with Great Britain and the Barbary, Mexican and civil wars. Some of the old guns look like more unwieldy lumps of metal, bearing a ludicrous resemblance to the toy guns which boys sometimes manufacture of lead on the Irishman's principle—"take a hole and pour the lead around it." The old mortars which fired hot shot into the cities of the Barbary coast look like big kettles with somewhat raised sides, and to the ordinary civilian eye it would seem impossible to give any designed direction to a shot from one of them. The Algerines had captured various pieces from the French and Spaniards in the century before we went to war with them, and it was our good fortune to capture some of those pieces, which are here to excite the pride of visitors. The queer old inscriptions on them can still be deciphered and indicate that one was regarded as a terror to the foe, another a destroyer, and so on.

Historic Matters.

Every avenue and square in the yard bears a historic name. The first avenue is named for Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, the second for Commodore Lewis Warrington of the war of 1812, the third for Commodore Charles Morris of the same war, the fourth for the immortal Commodore Hull, and so on. The list of commandants of the yard is also full of interest. The first appointee, Captain Thomas Tingey, took the place Jan. 22, 1800, held it 29 years and died in office. A melancholy interest attaches to the record of Captain Beverly Kennon, who was appointed by the first President Harrison, and two years later was killed by the bursting of the Peacemaker on the Princeton at the time when two members of the cabinet and various other persons were killed. The sixteenth commandant was Captain Franklin Buchanan, appointed in May, 1860, who went south when the civil war began and became famous in the Confederate navy. Rear Admiral Dahlgren was the twenty-second and died in office in 1870. The present commandant, Captain J. A. Howell, is the thirty-third and took the place Feb. 2, 1893.

A Hero's Saber.

Our navy department is rich in relics and memorials of many kinds, but the only ones kept at this yard are the old guns mentioned. By somebody's awkwardness the United States failed to become the owner of one very interesting relic, which was, however, a few weeks ago presented to the Annapolis Naval academy, and that is doubtless as well. This is the famous battle saber of Captain Samuel Chester Reid, who commanded the brig-of-war General Armstrong and won the astonishing victory at Fayal, Azores, in September, 1814. With this saber Captain Reid, in a hand to hand fight, killed the first lieutenant of the British frigate Rota and wounded several others. The blood of that combat was never washed off the saber and is still slightly visible. At the ball given to Lafayette in New York in 1824 Captain Reid wore this sword for the last time, it is believed, after which it was laid away as a precious memorial. His son, Colonel Samuel C. Reid, tendered it as a free gift to the United States, and in March, 1890, Senator Voorhees of the committee on the library offered a joint resolution providing for the acceptance of the sword and the striking of a memorial gold medal to be presented to the son. The latter part of the resolution was opposed so vigorously that the matter was delayed some three years, when Colonel Reid grew indignant and withdrew the offer. A year later he presented it to the academy. It is the judgment of our naval historians that the injury inflicted on the British forces at Fayal resulted in such delay that they did not reach New Orleans till after General Jackson had had time to prepare for them. Otherwise, says Cooper, it is likely the city would have fallen without a blow and possibly the whole history of the west have been changed.

Life of a Ship.

Of the floating memorials of the heroic age of our navy there are few indeed, as it is a melancholy fact that the



SOME ANCIENT ORDNANCE.

life of a ship, so to speak, is generally very short. The old sailing frigate Portsmouth is still afloat as a training ship, with a crew composed mostly of apprentice boys. With her black hull low in the water and square gun ports for the old style battery and high masts, she is an oddity indeed among our modern ships. Yet naval men here say that with none of these modern improvements and obliged to trust to wind and tide the old wooden vessel is still almost as comfortable as any of the new ones, for there is no smoke or dirt from engines and boilers, and in warm weather her decks are much cooler than those of a steamer. The Constellation after many years' service as a practice ship has gone to Newport as a receiving ship, where she will be roofed in, and her high masts, which made her for years the fastest sailing warship in the world, will be seen no more. The once famous Jamestown now lies at Hampton Roads dismasted and dismantled as a floating quarantine hospital. As to the often sung and celebrated Constitution, everybody knows that, like a famous old warhorse or race horse, she is kept for the good she has done and to gratify American pride and sentiment—that most honorable pride in the nation's past, without which no nation can have an honorable future.

J. H. BEADLE.

Selling the Spiritualist.

An old gentleman, apparently from the country, one day entered the room of a medium and expressed a desire for a "spirit communication." He was told to take a seat at the table and to write the names of his deceased relatives. The medium, like many others, incorrectly pronounced the term "deceased" the same as "diseased," sounding the s like z. The old gentleman carefully adjusted his "specs" and did what was required of him. A nonsensical relationship having been selected from those written, the investigator was desired to examine and state if they referred to one party.

"I declare they do," said he. "But I say, mister, what has them papers to do with a sperit communication?"

"You will see directly," replied the medium.

Whereupon the latter spasmodically wrote a "communication," which read somewhat as follows:

"My dear husband, I am very glad to be able to address you through this channel. Keep on investigating, and you will soon be convinced of the fact of spirit intercourse. I am happy in my spirit home, patiently awaiting the time when you will join me here, etc. Your loving wife, Betsy."

"Good gracious, but my old woman can't be dead," said the investigator, "for I left her at home!"

"Not dead!" exclaimed the medium. "Did I not tell you to write the names of 'deceased' relatives?"

"Diseased!" returned the old man. "She ain't anything else, for she's had the rheumatiz awfully for six months!"—Tit-Bits.

The Dutiful Patient.

Yesterday at 4 p. m., as I turned into a café restaurant on the boulevards, I espied Champdream finishing his dessert.

"What! Still at table at this time of day?"

"Let me explain. This is my third lunch."

"No!"

"Yes. Just think! My doctor allows me to smoke only one cigar after every meal. Consequently, in order to smoke to my heart's content, I go in for six meals a day!"—Journal Amusant.

NEAR TO THE DIVINE.

OLIVE HARPER'S OPINION OF GIRLS AND BABIES.

Very Much Depends Upon the Filmy Fineness of Their Clothes—The Dressmaker's Art Is Also Effectual, and So Is Sweet Modesty.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 5.—It is no wonder that the press runs over every year with sayings good, bad and indifferent about the summer girl, for even a woman is forced to admit that the "summer girl" is next door to divinity. The warm days seem to add a new bloom to her complexion, a languishing air to her manner, and her light and delicate summer garb chimes in so well with the girl herself and her surroundings that she becomes almost a new creature—ethereal, delicate and altogether charming. The reason babies are so sweet is mostly due to the filmy fineness of their dainty clothes—the lace, the ribbon and the misty nebula of the sheer lawns and muslins in which their tender little bodies are inwrapped. Then when the warm days come, and the girls can don the same sheer and fine textures and adorn themselves with laces and ribbons, the girls can look almost as enchanting as the babies. The younger they are the prettier they look.

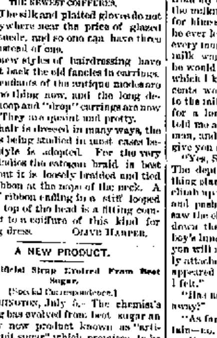


DAINTY EVENING DRESS.

The nineteenth century dressmaker, too, has something to do with the matter. She knows just what to do and how to do it to enhance the beauties and hide the deficiencies and make her subject appear perfection. Sweet modesty is the keynote this season in evening attire. There are no more of those vulgar and offensively low cut bodices, neither for maturer beauties nor for young girls, and the girls are the gainers in every sense by the new regime.

A very girlish and pretty party gown for a young girl to wear at a swell cotillon soon to be given at Newport has just been finished. The dress itself was of figured taffeta, the groundwork opaline, with dark blue stripes and dots. The skirt was dancing length and had a gathered ruffle of pale blue crepe de chine around the bottom and a fuller outlined on the skirt by a narrower ruffle of the same. The waist was a bolero cut quite high in the neck. Around the arms was plaited lace in form of a figaro. At the waist was a draped belt of ciel blue surah, with an endless bow. Another bow, with ends made of the same surah, was placed across the bust. The sleeves were puffed and made of the crepe de chine, and the sleeves were both drawn up to a scallop on the shoulders and held by a crinkled rosette of velvet ribbon three shades darker than the crape. The whole gown was a symphony in blue.

Gloves for evening wear are all in the mousquetaire shape, but the tints generally match the colors of the dress, though suede and cream color are often worn. These two colors can be worn with any colored gown and are therefore quite economical. There are very pretty and durable long gloves shown in silk and some that are silk plaited. The silk plaited ones feel the best and coolest. They are cut and made in the most careful manner, and all the fingers are of the proper size. This is the first season that they have been made so as to give perfect satisfaction in that respect. The silk and plaited gloves do not cost anywhere near the price of glazed kid or suede, and so one can have three pairs instead of one.



THE NEWEST COIFFURES.

The new styles of hairdressing have brought back the old fancies in earrings. Long pendants of the antique mode are quite the thing now, and the long despised hoop and "drop" earrings are now seen. They are quaint and pretty.

The hair is dressed in many ways, the features being studied in most cases before a style is adopted. For the very young ladies the catogan braid is best liked, but it is loosely braided and tied with ribbon at the nape of the neck. A fillet of ribbon ending in a stiff looped bow on top of the head is a fitting complement to a coiffure of this kind for evening dress.

OLIVE HARPER.

A NEW PRODUCT.

An Artificial Sirup Evolved From Beet Sugar.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The chemist's cunning has evolved from beet sugar an entirely new product known as "artificial fruit sugar" which promises to be of exceptional interest to all persons concerned in fruit preserving—now a tremendous interest in this country. According to a description furnished by the American consul general at Frankfort, Mr. Frank H. Mason, "the process consists apparently in the inversion of beet sugar at a certain stage of its manufacture by chemical treatment into what is technically designated 'lævulose,' which is chemically identical with the natural fruit sugar developed in greater or less degree in most kinds of fruit.

"It differs both in taste and chemical composition from cane sugar, is a limpid white sirup of great density, containing from 75 to 80 per cent of sugar, and possesses, among other valuable qualities, a rich, fruity flavor and the capacity to remain fluid and free from granulation for an indefinite period, notwithstanding its high degree of density. It is well known that ordinary white sirup containing 65 per cent or more of sugar crystallizes and forms granular deposits, and when used for preserving fruit often 'candies' to such a degree that the preserves have to be recooked to restore the desired smoothness and fluidity. The new artificial fruit sugar, on the contrary, remains smooth and fluid under all conditions. But the quality which chiefly determines its commercial value is its power to assimilate, develop and preserve the natural aromatic flavor of the fruit to which it is applied as a preserving material. Confectioners, fruit packers and skilled housekeepers who have tested it quite extensively during the past year in the preservation of cherries, strawberries, peaches and various other fruits pronounce it far superior for such purposes to any other form of sugar.

"Finally it corrects the tendency so common in fruits preserved in ordinary sugar, to soften and assume a crude, sugary flavor, which not only injures the color and appearance of the preserves, but renders them cloying and disagreeable to the taste." It is also said to be largely entering into use already in Europe for the "perfecting" of wines and manufacture of liquors and is much better than sugar for the making of lemonade. "So far as known its use has not been extended, even experimentally, to the United States."

JAMES CONNOLLY.

TOM TOOTS AND SNOOPERKATZ.

Two Remarkable Cats Who Have Done Some Remarkable Things.

Mr. Christian Gudebrod of New York recently had occasion to mourn the loss of his favorite cat, Snooperkatz, that animal having mysteriously disappeared. A reporter of The Sun called upon Mr. Gudebrod to ascertain the facts in the case.

As the reporter entered his office he heard a hoarse "Scat, d—n you!" and the next moment a big black cat came flying through the air. The moment it landed on its feet it darted through the open door and flew down the stairs just in the nick of time, for out of an inner room ran Mr. Gudebrod with an empty inkstand upraised in his hand.

"Pardon me," he said, stopping short, "but that cat—er—did you wish to see me?"

The reporter explained the object of his visit and was invited into Mr. Gudebrod's private office. Mr. Gudebrod seemed to be much affected over the absence of his Maltese cat.

"Oh, sir," he said, "unless you are a lover of cats you can have no idea how I feel about Snooperkatz. There was only only one cat in the world like him, and he's now dead. Have a cigar?"

When a man looks you straight in the eye and maintains an earnest face and speaks in fervent tones, it would be cruel to entertain captious suspicions.

"Yes, sir; that other cat is dead. How did he die? Well, sir, it's a rather remarkable story, and I don't ask you to believe it, but nevertheless I will tell it to you. Tom Toots—that was his name—lived in my apartments, and when I was not at home he had the run of the place. He was a wonderful cat and could leapfrog and stand on his hind legs and on his fore legs like a trained dog. He wasn't very pretty to look at, because he had lost the hair on his back and his tail. You see, one day he upset a bottle of mucilage and got the stuff all over his back and paws. I took him into the bathroom and let the water run on him until he was clean. To my great surprise he liked the washing very much, and the very next day he upset the mucilage on purpose and went into the bath to wash himself. He happened, however, to turn on the hot water, and before he could get out all the hair had been scalded off his back. You have no idea how bad I felt about his disfigurement, for he had been a very handsome cat.

"Well, as I was telling you, he was quite a gymnast, and nothing gave him so much delight as to perform his tricks. I rigged up a swing in the window, and Tom Toots used to climb up and swing in and out. Through the carelessness of a servant, a glassful of whisky was left on the table one afternoon, and Tom Toots upset it and licked it up. It must have gone to his head, for when a moment later he began to swing in and out of the window he lost his balance and fell into the street below and was killed."

Mr. Gudebrod looked his visitor full in the eyes and seemed to be affected. After clearing his throat—his voice had grown quite husky—he went on:

"Well, sir, you wanted to know about Snooperkatz. Snooperkatz was more intelligent than Tom Toots, but he hadn't Tom Toots' lovable disposition. He was always up to mischief, and I never could trust him, but in spite of all his faults I became attached to him. He was a beautiful cat, a very beautiful cat; but, sir, he was not honest. I remember"——

Just then the door opened softly, and the head of a yellow cat poked in. Mr. Gudebrod jumped to his feet, and with a yell hurled the inkstand at the cat's head. Whether it was from long experience or by mere chance, his aim was true. The cat caught the missile plump upon his nose, and with a howl fled from the room.

"Pardon me, but that—er—oh, yes. As I was saying, Snooperkatz was beautiful, but he was not to be trusted. Why, sir, that cat would steal postage stamps from my desk and take them down to the milkman in the morning to buy milk for himself! Heaven only knows where he ever learned that trick, but he did it every morning. As soon as he heard the milk wagon rattling down the street he would pull out the little drawer in which I keep my stamps, lick up 5 or 10 cents worth and then run down stairs to the milkman. I did not know of this for a long time, but when the janitor told me about it I questioned the milkman, and the rascal confessed. Let me give you a light.

"Yes, Snooperkatz was very dishonest. The depth of his depravity was something startling. Why, sir, that cat would climb up the screen door of the elevator and push the button, and as soon as he saw the elevator coming up he would run down the stairs and eat up the elevator boy's lunch. And yet, although I know you will not believe it, I became strongly attached to that cat, and when he disappeared I cannot tell you how grieved I felt."

"Has no one seen him since he went away?"

"As far as I have been able to ascertain—no. As a result of advertising and sending out circulars offering a reward, an army of small boys and men and women have come here with cats of all kinds and sizes and colors and dispositions, but no one has brought back Snooperkatz. As a matter of fact, I have been forced to the conclusion that these people were not sincere, for when they found that they could not claim the reward they departed, leaving the cat they had brought behind them. As a result we have been overrun with cats ever since our Snooperkatz disappeared. To be perfectly frank with you, it was one of those abandoned cats that you saw me treat so violently as you came in. And—er—this yellow one, too—yes. But we never treated Snooperkatz like that—oh, dear, no!"

A Higher Flight.

Mrs. Flathouse—What are you going to tell me about the people up stairs?

Mr. Flathouse—That, my dear, is another story.—New York World.

MRS. MOSQUITO'S BITE

SHE IS A BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURE, BUT THE MALE IS HARMLESS.

The Old Story of Trouble In Its Relation to Sex—How the Mosquito Lives and How the Little Pest May Be Exterminated. Remedy For the Bites.

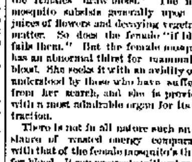
[Special Correspondence.]

BAYONNE, N. J., July 5.—Human ingenuity has been exercised in a hundred ways to create or invent either a cure for mosquito bites or some preventive for the incursions of this unwelcome summer visitor. One scientist has devised a plan to rid himself of mosquitoes, but it is of such a nature that its use could not be of practical benefit in large mosquito infested areas. Nevertheless it is worthy of recording and may make more pleasant the summer residences of those who can afford to lease a "country home."

He discovered that it was from the ponds on his estate that the mosquito came. He examined the water and found upon its surface under the microscope that myriads of incipient mosquitoes were there. They existed in a kind of larval condition and floated upon the surface. After one year's or season's experience of the scourge this scientist devised a plan that would undoubtedly rid such residences of mosquitoes. He had the ponds drained until they were quite dry, and then he applied—in the springtime—a wash of diluted creosote to the bottom and sides. The next season—last year—there was not a single mosquito around his house, thus proving that it is only necessary to arrest the insect in its embryonic stage to insure immunity from it.

But, useful as this idea may be to those who possess similar homes, it could be but of little value in the general destruction of the mosquito, which, so far as New York is concerned, is developed for the most part in the marshes of Jersey.

It is a well known fact to entomologists that it is only the female mosquito which "bites," or, in other words, only



A MOSQUITO READY FOR BUSINESS.

the females "draw blood." The male mosquito subsists generally upon the juices of flowers and decaying vegetable matter. So does the female "if blood fails them." But the female mosquito has an abnormal thirst for mammalian blood. She seeks it with an avidity only understood by those who have suffered from her search, and she is provided with a most admirable organ for its extraction.

There is not in all nature such an instance of wasted energy comparable with that of the female mosquito's thirst for blood. It can procreate without satisfying its rapacious appetite for blood, but it seems to be a delight to the insect to fill its gray, threadlike abdomen at the price of suffering humanity. For every one mosquito that gets the chance to taste blood there are nearly a million that never taste it, and yet it would seem that warm mammalian blood is a necessity for their existence. It is not. They can live upon decaying vegetable matter and flower juices, but the abnormal blood thirst of the female needs a very salutary check before anything like a satisfactory revolution can occur. How this revolution is to be brought about remains for scientists to explain, and I do think that the scientists and entomologists of Jersey should inquire into the matter.

But a more direct method appeals to us than the deviation of the mosquito's natural propensity. Nature itself has shown to us this remedy, for in every marsh where are bred mosquitoes we find numberless dragon flies. The dragon fly feeds entirely upon other winged insects, and his favorite delicacy is a female mosquito; hence nature causes both the dragon fly and the mosquito to come into existence upon the same farm and in the same place. Unfortunately the mosquito is found in immeasurably large numbers in these places, and the dragon flies are comparatively few in number. The question is, How are we to propagate the dragon fly in such numbers as to affect the production of mosquitoes? That is a question for entomologists to answer, but it is certain that in marshes where mosquitoes did abound and afterward the dragon fly made his appearance the former pest is seen or felt no longer.

There are some marshes in Jersey which are perfectly free from mosquitoes, as are there also in Long Island and elsewhere, but if a visitor to those places will take the trouble to observe he will find that in these marshes there are innumerable dragon flies. It is an easy lesson, and it should be remembered.

All kinds of remedies are suggested for mosquito bites and against their bites. Ammonia and washing blue are perhaps the best of the former remedies, while rubbing the exposed parts of the body with pennyroyal or lemon juice are the best of the latter. But the evil itself should be overcome. The creosoted pond will certainly fill the necessity in private parks or farms. The propagation of the dragon fly would surely eradicate the pest, but all that I have said of how these things can be done will not, I fear, prevent Mr. or rather Mrs. Mosquito from worrying poor humanity this season.

But is it not well to know by whom and how we are bitten and worried and how it is possible to prevent the worry?

R. W. FRANCIS.

BEARS RUN THE ROAD.

Bruin Plays Practical Jokes on Trainmen of the S., G. and P.

"I've quit work on the S., G. & P.," said a locomotive engineer from western Pennsylvania to a New York Sun correspondent, "and am looking for a job on a road that is up to the times and will equip itself with things that the exigencies of its territory demand. I've thrown up my job. Why? Because the S., G. & P. is so pigheaded and bound to stay in a rut that it won't be consistent and equip itself right.

"From Peeled Hemlock to Gas Tank Junction, 12 miles, there are only three stopping places on the S., G. & P. One is a tannery, one a sawmill and one an oil well. The rest is woods.

"One day I was booming along with a heavy train of bark and lumber and oil when about 100 yards ahead of us I saw a big bear come slouching out of the woods at one side of the track. When we had got within a few rods of the bear, he deliberately stepped on the track, and, it seemed to me, actually stood there making faces at us. That made me mad, and I pulled my old engine wide open and went for that bear at 25 miles an hour.

"'Now watch the bear meat fly!' I said to my fireman.

"We swept down on the bear like a cyclone, and I looked and waited for the shower of bear meat I expected to see. It didn't come. 'Smashed into mush on the pilot,' I said and went out in front along the rail to see just how bad we had done bruin up. I give you my word I was surprised.

"The bear sat on the pilot as cool as a cucumber. He had reached up and taken the lamp out of the headlight and was pouring the oil out of it over himself and rubbing it in as a liniment.

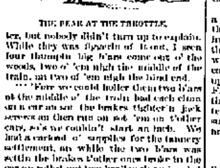
"Then he looked up and saw me, and chucking the lamp at my head and only missing me by an inch he took hold of one of the flag standards and swung himself off to the side of the track as slick as could be and danced way into the woods.

"'That comes pretty near being a smart bear,' I said to the fireman after getting back into the cab.

"'He averages fair to middlin,' said the fireman. The fireman was born either at the tannery, or the sawmill, or the oil well. I don't know which. Anyway he was native of the S., G. and P. country.

"'He averages fair to middlin,' said the fireman, 'an 'twouldn't s'prise me if he was one of them b'ars that flagged us one day when Bony Spdudle was runnin' this engine. We was bowlin along up t'other side o' Painter Bend when I see a red flag out at one side of the track.

"'We didn't have much time to git stopped in, but we got stopped. Some of the fellers got out to see what was the matter, but nobody didn't turn up to explain. While they was figgerin' it out, I seen four thumpin' big b'ars come out of the woods, two o' 'em nigh the middle of the train, an two of 'em nigh the hind end.



THE BEAR AT THE THROTTLE.

"'Fore we could holler them two b'ars at the middle o' the train had each clum on a car an sot the brakes tighter'n jack screws an then run an sot 'em on t'other cars, so's we couldn't start an inch. We had a carload o' supplies for the tannery settlement, an while the two b'ars was settin the brakes t'other ones broke in the car an rolled out two bar'l pork an juggled 'em off into the woods. Then t'other b'ars clum down an follered 'em, an there wasn't a man on the train that say a word.'

"I was torn a little with doubt after the fireman's story, in spite of what I had just seen of S., G. & P. bears, but a few days later I felt that I had wronged my fireman. We were going down Splitbucket grade, which drops at about 100 feet to the mile, and we were going fast. Half way down out of the woods stepped another big bear. He jumped plumb on the track and waited for us and grinned.

"'Hold your breath, Bill,' I said to my fireman, 'for I'm going to lubricate the rails with that bear at 100 miles an hour!'

"I pulled her open and gave her all the head there was. When we reached that bear, I couldn't see the trees, we were going so fast. Then I hollered for brakes and began to slow her up. She hadn't begun to slow any, for we had only got to the bottom of the grade, when what should loom up before me but the bear climbing up from the pilot and coming right toward the cab window along the guard rail.

"I didn't wait for him, but made a break for the top of the car behind the engine, and the fireman followed me. The bear came on, took possession of the cab, shut off steam and brought the train to a stop a half a mile farther on. Then he picked up my dinner pail and the fireman's, both loaded to the lid, and with one in each paw strode away into the woods.

"'I think that un's a leetle more'n the average of fair to middlin,' said the fireman as we climbed back to the cab and went on.

"But, whether he was or not, my mind was made up. Railroading on the S., G. & P. was way behind the times, I could see plain enough, and I put the matter right to headquarters.

"'Here,' I said. 'This won't do! This road ain't being run right!'

"They wanted to know why it wasn't.

"'Running your engines with cowcatchers on,' I said, 'when there ain't a cow from one end of the road to the other! Bears interfering with traffic at almost every turn, and not an engine on the line with a bear catcher on it! Gentlemen,' I said, 'do you see where you are lame?'

"And what did they do? They didn't do anything, but kept right on guarding themselves against cows when there wasn't one within 20 miles of 'em, while the bears ran the road just as they blame pleased. So I quit, and I'm looking for a job on a road that ain't afraid to get out of a rut."

Swings Indian Clubs For Eight Hours.

Tom Burrows of Aldershot, England, claims that he can swing a pair of Indian clubs longer than any man alive. The other day he swung the clubs for eight hours and a quarter without stopping. In no sense were they bogus clubs, for they weighed two pounds two ounces each. He is also said to be the champion ax thrower.

Very Young.

"You must be a long lived family," said a gentleman, talking to a woman of 90 years, in an institution, who said that she had a brother and a sister still living, both older than herself.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "there were eight of us, sir, and my brother Jimmy was the only one who died young."

"And how old was he?"

"Only 70, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Fluctuations.

"I understand there is no such sudden rising and falling in real estate in your section as there used to be."

"No, we haven't had a real smart earthquake in more than a year."—Detroit Tribune.

Natural to Infer.



Dimpleton—Look here, that animal you sold me is too lively.

Horse Dealer—Aren't you a married man?

Dimpleton—Yes. What has that to do with it?

Dealer—I supposed, of course, you wanted a horse your wife couldn't drive.—New York Herald.

Matrimonial Item.

Father—Why don't you marry Miss Bondclipper? She has lots of money.

Son—Her family are opposed to it.

Father—How about Miss Bondclipper herself?

Son—Well, she belongs to the family.—Texas Siftings.

HITE'S LABRADOR EXPEDITION.

Four Plucky Young Men Who Have Gone to Explore That Little Known Region.



CHARLES E. HITE.

Charles E. Hite, the leader of the expedition which has just started to explore the practically unknown interior of Labrador, was born in Illinois 24 years ago and has already devoted 10 years of his life to the cause of natural science. He has killed about every kind of animal in North America, except the buffalo and musk ox, and is a thorough naturalist, taxidermist and ornithologist. For two years past he has been professor of ornithology and taxidermy at the University of Pennsylvania, and the three other members of his party are students of that college. G. H. Perkins, the geographer of the expedition, was coxswain of this year's varsity crew, and George M. Coates, the botanist, is a well known bicyclist and athlete and was captain of the university's track team during the past season. The ornithologist is Howard Bucknell, who is also second in command.

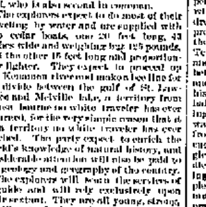
The explorers expect to do most of their traveling by water and are supplied with two cedar boats, one 20 feet long, 43 inches wide and weighing but 125 pounds, and the other 16 feet long and proportionally lighter. They expect to proceed up the Kenamou river and make a bee line for the divide between the gulf of St. Lawrence and Melville lake, a territory from whose bourne no white traveler has ever returned, for the very simple reason that it is a territory no white traveler has ever reached. The party expect to enrich the world's knowledge of natural history, and considerable attention will also be paid to the geology and geography of the country.

The explorers will scorn the services of a guide and will rely exclusively upon their extent. They are all young, strong, intelligent, plucky and well equipped for the work before them, and their labors will undoubtedly prove valuable to the cause of science. They expect to be picked up at Hamilton Inlet in September by Dr. F. A. Cook's arctic expedition, which will then be returning from the camp of Lieutenant Peary with the first news of the result of his second expedition to the frozen north.

A VERY BUSY EDITOR.

Candidate William M. Singerly Has a Plurality of Business Interests.

Although William Miskey Singerly, who was nominated for governor by the Democratic convention at Harrisburg the other day, has for years been a power in Pennsylvania politics, he has never before been a candidate for public office. Mr. Singerly has manifold business interests and is one of the busiest men in America. Besides being editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Record he owns over a thousand brick dwellings in the northwestern section of the city, has a model stock farm, of which he is very proud, owns a woolen mill, a paper mill, a pulp mill and possibly other factories and is a large stockholder in certain Philadelphia banks and trust companies.



WILLIAM M. SINGERLY.

Mr. Singerly inherited the foundation of his great wealth from his father, who was one of the pioneer street railway magnates of the Quaker City. He graduated from the Philadelphia high school in 1866 and entered the commission and produce business on Market street, where he remained for 18 years. Then he went to Chicago and engaged in the commission business, but was soon recalled by his father to assume the management of the Germantown passenger railway. After his father's death Mr. Singerly sold his street railway stock for $1,500,000.

In 1877 Mr. Singerly bought the Philadelphia Record, then a weak and insignificant journal, and soon developed surprising ability as a sagacious and enterprising editor and publisher. The Record now has a very large circulation and occupies one of the finest newspaper offices in the country. Mr. Singerly's journalistic success has not narrowed the scope of his endeavors, and his business interests are now probably larger and more varied than ever. Mr. Singerly is in his sixty-second year and is a native of Philadelphia.

Probably Not.

Old Mr. Williams was subject to fits of what he called "righteous anger" on slight provocation, and at such times, as he was naturally talkative, his tongue often ran away with him.

"There's Squire Peters' son," he roared to his gentle little wife. "Wuthless feller t' be writin books about furrin lands 'stid o' stayin t' hum, whar he b'longs. The squire showed me one o' his books t'other day—all about Spain 'twas; bound in red silk an sprinkled thick with picters. 'Edition de Looks,' the squire called it, an I reckon there's more looks than sense in it, true enough.

"I tell ye what 'tis," concluded Mr. Williams, roaring still louder as his wife remained silent, "I ain't got no opinion o' such goin's on. Eight dollars was the price o' that book, an I wouldn't buy it. Why," said the old man, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, "I wouldn't buy that book if I was starvin! No, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

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For a quarter of a century Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested, and the millions who have received benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative power in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. A remedy that has stood the test so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is positively guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable for Coughs and Colds. Trial bottles Free at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

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Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures, but without any good result. About a year ago he began to use Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c for large bottle. At Dreier & Bro. drug store.

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WITHOUT MERCY.

How a Guerrilla Met the Fate That He Deserved.

Corporal Frayne had halted for a noonday bite between Forts Terret and McKavett and was sitting with his back to a tree on the banks of a fork of the San Saba river when his horse, which was grazing not over 30 feet away, suddenly sank down in a heap as dead as a stone. He was head on, and the corporal saw the blood fly from the center of his forehead before he heard the report of a gun. As he sprang up and looked to the north he saw a horse and rider bearing down upon him. They were on the opposite bank, on perfectly level ground, and the stranger's winchester still smoked in his hands. His dress and outfit and the lonely locality proved him to be one of those roving after the war guerrillas who infested southern Texas for several years and robbed friend and foe alike. There was some little delay before the corporal got hold of his carbine, and when ready to open fire from behind his tree he discovered that something had halted his enemy. The outlaw was looking down and around him in an excited way, and presently he flung his rifle far from him, dug in the spurs and shouted encouragingly to the horse. The struggles of the poor animal soon gave the soldier an inkling of the situation. In dashing at him the guerrilla had pushed over a piece of ground which resembled dried mud. Under the treacherous crust was prairie quicksand, and the feet of his horse broke through at about the third jump.

Horse and rider were not over 200 feet from the stream. As the soldier watched them the man flung away his two pistols and cartridge belt and 15 seconds later his saddle. He was seeking to lighten his horse. The corporal stepped from his shelter, crossed the creek and then saw the actual situation of affairs. Horse and rider were in the center of what looked like a mudhole. From this center it was about 40 feet in every direction to solid ground. The hard baked crust over the deadly quicksand was thin and brittle and soon broke up and dissolved as the horse floundered about. The animal was down to his belly as the soldier came opposite and halted, and a dozen horses pulling at the end of a lariat could not have drawn him clear. His rider drew up his feet and knelt down on the back of the horse and held on by the mane. Looking the corporal defiantly in the eyes, he impudently queried:

"Well, is it your turn to laugh?"

"Serves you right!" replied the corporal. "Likely it does, though I didn't mean to shoot your horse. I fired to frighten him off a bit."

"And then you were going to hold me up?"

"Of course. I wanted your outfit for a friend of mine."

"And you'd have killed me to get it?"

"Of course. You can chalk this down as your lucky day."

"And you?"

"Oh, I may come out all right yet."

The corporal went back and saddled his horse and fed him up. Then he picked up the weapons the outlaw had thrown away and made them fast to the saddle. While the soldier was absent the quicksands pulled the poor beast down at least a foot. Trooper Frayne sat down on the turf opposite, lighted his pipe, and after a few whiffs he inquired:

"Aren't you the chap who calls himself Concho Joe?"

"You bet!"

"You murdered two soldiers up at Camp Johnson?"

"Yes. I killed a couple of bluecoats up there who tried to walk on me."

"You murdered the mail carrier between Fort McKavett and Junction City?"

"I wanted his horse, and he wouldn't give it up."

"You murdered and robbed a teamster just outside of Fort Terret?"

"Yes. I expect they laid that to me."

"I have heard it said," continued the corporal, "that you have killed from 15 to 20 men since the war, and that every killing was a murder."

"We won't quarrel about that," laughed the outlaw. "When the number reaches 10, you may as well call it 20."

His horse was now down till the man had to stand on his back. He surveyed the situation from every point, and there was a grim smile on his face as he realized his awful peril.

"You'll jump at the last," quietly observed the soldier, "but nothing can save you. The instant your feet touch the mud you'll be sucked down."

"You're right, I reckon," replied the outlaw. "No use asking you for the end of that lariat, eh?"

"Not a bit."

"I see. How would you like to shoot a man?"

"I shan't do any shooting at you."

"No! Well, old man, to be honest about it, I don't think I'd show you any favors if our positions were reversed. I never did go much on sentiment. About 40 feet to solid ground, isn't it?"

"About that."

"That means four jumps, and I can't make 'em. I've seen the time I wanted wings, but never so bad as now. Any one in sight?"

"Not a human being," answered the corporal after a look around.

"Thanks. I'm going to try for solid ground. One, two, three!"——

He leaped straight out for a distance of nine or ten feet, and as he struck the mud he settled to his knees in an instant.

The corporal looked at him four moments and then mounted his horse.

"Going, corporal?" queried the outlaw.

"Yes, of course. No use wasting any more time here. I have company and shan't be lonesome." As the corporal rode away he heard the rustle of wings. Looking up, he saw a score of vultures flying in a circle above the deadly sands. For an instant he hesitated and seemed about to turn back. Then a fierce light came to his eyes, and he growled as he dug in the spurs:

"It is the vengeance of heaven. Let him die like a dog!"——[illegible]

THEY BLACKED UP.

And After the Show Was Over They Discovered Something.

The little village of Clyde in Wayne county is as pretty as you will meet in a week's travel in this state of pretty villages, and into the bargain it has a great number of beautiful young women. A while ago somebody organized a show to be given for the benefit of some local church or charitable organization, and a lot of the pretty girls, led by the female members of the choir of the church which was to be benefited, got together to discuss what part they would take in the entertainment. Somebody had been reading of a minstrel show given by young women in Brooklyn and suggested that Clyde follow Brooklyn's lead. The idea took. The girls decided that it would be perfectly lovely, and the details were arranged.

To make the show realistic, the girls thought they ought to black up. There were some protests against going so far, but the blacking up idea proved popular with a majority of the proposed performers, and it was adopted. The performance was given one night last week. The hall was crowded, and things went off nicely. There was singing and the end men (who were men, by the way) worked off their gags, and the whole affair wound up with a song in concert. The Clyde orchestra was present and did wonders with its varied assortment of instruments, and the village folks decided unanimously that they had had their money's worth and were perfectly satisfied.

When the curtain went down, the girls went back to wash the black off their faces. The first one to reach a wash basin took a sponge and began rubbing her cheeks. To the intense horror of the entire company the black would not budge. It was there to stay. The other girls seized pails, basins, anything that would hold water, got water and began to scrub. The black remained. They might just as well have been negroes of the darkest hue for all the impression they made on the color. There were hysterics and all that sort of thing, but the black never budged.

The girls scrubbed and cried and cried and scrubbed with the effect of getting off some small patches of black and heightening their grotesque appearance. After hours of work they managed to whiten their cheeks enough to enable them to go out, and then they all skipped through back streets to their homes. Meanwhile the men were having a similar experience. They couldn't get the black off either. The end men and the principal comedian worked for an hour and then strolled out to the Clyde hotel with their faces all shades from a light drab to a coal black. The leading comedian got some of the black off his nose and chin, a little off his cheeks, but had been able to make no impression on his ears, and he was a very spectacular young man when he walked into the billiard room of the hotel and huskily asked for something to drink.

There was a theatrical man in town, and into that night he was awakened by a heavy knock at his door. "Say," said an excited voice, "are you a theater man?"

He said he was.

"Well, I heard you were. What do you do to get burnt cork off when you black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Wash it off."

"Yes, I know, but how?"

"Why, take a sponge. It ought to wash right off."

There was a long silence. Finally the voice said again, "Say, mister, how do you mix burnt cork when you use it to black up for nigger minstrels?"

"Mix it with water."

"Great heavens," said the voice, "we mixed ours with vaseline!"

In the course of a week or two it is expected that the young women who so successfully participated in the minstrel show will be around to receive the congratulations of their friends. In the meantime the cars of the leading comedian are still of a beautiful, glossy black.—Buffalo Express.

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"ROYAL GARDEN."

The World Has a Great Many Beautiful Gardens,

But Nothing to Compare to the Garden of the Church, Which Belongs to Christ—He Bought It, He Planted It, He Owns It—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as the subject for his sermon through the press Sunday "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's Song v. 1, "I am come into my garden."

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for £17,000.

And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbottsford, ruined his fortune. And now in the crimson flowers of those gardens you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him drop! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." If, then, the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil or coreopsis, but if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark veined orpitellan and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in Heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevice. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City Ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostom, Wyklifs, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons and Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited; they never say anything rashly; they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter; their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there. Snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion flower of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is Heaven. Come, O winds, from the north, and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord.'

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden.

So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, he laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited me," he laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden, and is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection on earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of Heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and Heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in the garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore it.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering. It is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the Gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in glee some wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation that they might flow down through his heritage and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with 12 wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.

Hark, I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming! I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for thee. Walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit. Pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him and says: "Almost home, father. Not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace; all is well! I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!" Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and, lo, he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say: "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace and for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them and in better soil and in better air. They shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face and said: "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I can not get in. It is so with the King's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—the King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems, but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind and purse." So it was with Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon.

He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little heartsease! Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it five, ten, twenty, thirty years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? Oh, man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck, waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this morning make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and Heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save me next!"

Poison Oak and Poison Ivy.

The poison oak is properly the low form of the poison ivy. The one is a high climber, while the other contents itself near the ground. The two are difficult to distinguish, and are often perversely confused with the harmless and beautiful Virginia creeper. The two poisonous plants have their leaves in groups of three, while the leaf of the Virginia creeper is divided into five and sometimes more leaflets. The berry of the poison ivy is white and waxy, and the autumn coloring of the leaf is very beautiful. Many persons handle the poisonous plants without ill effects. William Hamilton Gibson has written some rhymes to help his readers to distinguish between the harmless Virginia creeper and the other two. A simple way to remember the difference between the Virginia creeper and the poison ivy is this: If the vine has five leaves, corresponding to the five fingers of your hand, you may handle it; if it has only three leaves, you may not handle it.—N. Y. Sun.

—Meyerbeer was so nervous and "fidgety" about his works that when they were in course of preparation, or rehearsal, or performance, he never gave himself or any one else concerned a moment's peace of mind. He was constantly making changes or alterations in the score, and would sometimes write a passage in three or four different colored inks, in order to try the different effects, and then could not make up his mind which was the best. He worried over his opera, L'Africaine, so long, delaying, retouching and polishing, even while it was in rehearsal, that the self-imposed labor made him ill, and he died before the first public performance.

—If you treat with courtesy your equal who is privileged to resent an impertinence, how much more cautious should you be to your dependents, from whom you demand a respectful demeanor.—Chambers.

—"She wasn't willin' to give you nuthin' widout you'd work, Dusty?" Dusty—Nope. She said: "Here's de soap and yonder's de pump."—Inter Ocean.

—Of 473,200 persons of school age in Mississippi, only 244 are of foreign birth.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

"CONSIDER HIM."

Hebrews 12:3.

He calms the strife of the warring will,
He softens the hardest breast;
He speaketh peace to the troubled soul,
And giveth the weary rest.

He feeds the hungry with bread from Heaven
And then, to the thirsty strife,
He cleaves the rock in the desert way,
And sends the water of life.

He hears our cry, He drieth our tears,
And waiting, I hear it, tempts;
He is better to me than all my fears,
And stronger than all my strength.

He standeth by in the wildest storm,
When the waves would overwhelm,
The mighty grasp of His Pilot hand
Holds steady my trembling helm.

He lifts the burden I can not bear
Just when I am sliding down;
He gilds the top of the heaviest cross
With the flashing light of the crown.

He feels the strain of the yearning love,
When dear ones sadly part;
He bears the brunt of sorrow's stroke,
He bindeth the broken heart.

In the darkest night He whispers low,
Till Hope and Faith are one;
He leads through the dark, more safe and sure
Than alone in the cloudless sun.

He eases pain and assuages grief,
He comforts in all my gloom;
His peace throws light through the darkened vale,
And a halo above the tomb.

He stays the heart 'neath the setting sun,
Through the shadows, dark and deep;
He leadeth down to the water's calm,
And gives His beloved sleep.

He breaks the bars of the prison cage,
And beareth the soul on His wings;
The victory wins from the opened grave,
And wresteth from Death his sting.

He cometh again with the trump and shout,
And the hosts from the shining shore;
The Glory of God He'll bring to me,
Forever and evermore.

Then soul! look back upon what He was,
Look on through the ages dim;
He is and shall be the very same
Christ Jesus. "Consider Him!"
—Capt. R. K. Carter, in N. Y. Independent.

THE GOVERNING MOTIVE.

If Discouragement Overtakes You in Life, Look Back to Your Heroic Resolves.

Of the dead, it is a well-settled rule that we are to think and speak as they were at their best. The living do not fare so well at our hands. We insist upon judging them if not at their worst, at least at no better than their average. With severe impartiality, we are reluctant to take even ourselves at our best. We shrink from holding to the convictions arrived at when our thought is clearest, and incline to those which are the product of confused and groping moments. The emotions which rise within us when we are most responsive we are tempted to let go for those which come to us when we are dull and unstrung. So of those resolves and plans of life which are the birth of our better selves we will not see how a true philosophy lies in testing ourselves and bracing ourselves by them, instead of looking preferably at the flaws in the work and the strain of the staff in actual achievement.

It might almost be said that the essential difference between a theist and an agnostic is that the former falls back on the testimony of his best moments, while the latter puts the emphasis on his worst. Prof. William Knight, in his recent book on "Aspects of Theism," frankly declares, what most candid men will admit to be the fact, that "theistic evidence comes and goes." This agrees with Darwin's saying that his judgment "fluctuated;" that sometimes the theistic conviction would force itself upon him with irresistible power, while sometimes it would escape his efforts to grasp it. But why should any man hesitate over the choice between his faculties at their flood and at their ebb? If he can sell pig iron or write letters or make a speech or paint a picture better in some moods than in others, why not acknowledge that he can judge better of the deep things of God at some times than at others, and why not choose the best times for the latter as well as for the former?

In the sphere of the emotive life we often fail to give their full evidential value to our most impressionable states. Immortality seems very real and necessary when death snatches away one best and leaves a chasm at our feet. Why should not the memory of such experiences weigh as much with us as the dulling of belief in the life beyond, which the daily round and irresponsive man and nature bring? The social nature of religion is borne in upon us overwhelmingly when, with the great congregation, we are lifted upon the swell of a mighty hymn. Surely that fact is as good to plant our feet upon as the sense of individual isolation before God, which comes at other times. In any view of the case, emotion plays a great part in life, and it may well be that we need more boldness and confidence in taking our emotions at their best.

Matthew Arnold struck deep into human experience when he wrote:

Yet tasks in hours of insight willed
May be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

Here, above all—in the executive part of life—we must hold fast to the principle of taking ourselves at our best. And the best here often means, not the day's actual work, which may be worthless enough, but the dominating motive with which we have taken up the whole of life's task. What drudgery! what pettiness! what failure! we often cry, when, if we would but look back to the original resolution with which we set out, we might, again see it to be heroic, and the drudgery and pettiness and failure to be only the dust along the road where a radiant purpose is marching on to its goal.—Outlook.

RIGHT AMBITION.

No Grander Work Than That of Edifying and Building Up the Church of God.

Ambition is very often ignoble. When its aim is purely selfish it is one of the basest passions. A man who is under its sway will care only for his own advancement in position, office or wealth, and will bend all his energies to secure those things which promise to help him to attain that which he desires. But ambition may be sanctified. It was thus that Paul viewed it when he wrote to the Corinthians: "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." "If our aim is to serve others, and we endeavor to increase our resources and powers for their service, we engage in a laudable undertaking. There were those at Corinth who desired to use the spiritual power they possessed of speaking with tongues for their own profit. They were not anxious to promote the welfare of others. But the great use which every Christian should make of his endowments is to help all whom he can reach. We ought not to be content with any attainments we have made, if there is yet more than we can attain to which will be helpful to our brethren. We are under obligation to develop to the fullest extent possible every Christian grace. We have no right to be satisfied with a mere hope of salvation. We are called to constant effort. While we are not to engage in Christian endeavor in a spirit of rivalry, we are to "consider one another to provoke to love and good works," and this will be most surely done as we seek to excel in spiritual life and gifts.

Increase in numbers is very earnestly desired and labored for in many churches. There is much less thought about increase in graces and gifts. But there is something faulty if progress is not sought and manifest in both of these particulars. To grow in grace and in gifts is possible. Friendship with Christians and the habitual study of the Scriptures ought to develop both character and gifts which may render efficient service for edification.

And can we aim at any grander work than that of edifying, building up the church of God? Any church-member who can better qualify himself to promote the increase and strength of the spiritual house may well feel that this is an imperative duty and grand privilege. The counsel of Paul to Timothy to stir up his gift, may have suggestions for Christians of all time. There needs often to be an awakening of our powers for service as one would rekindle a dying fire. God's building rises slowly and gives many tokens of weakness because there are so few who are using their gifts and opportunities for its edification. We need the ambition to "excell," not in selfish rivalry, but with that grand incentive which the Apostle acknowledges when he writes: "We make it our aim . . . to be well-pleasing to Him."—Christian Inquirer.

GOD IN CHARGE.

What Benefit Can Be Derived by Pondering Over Doubtful Questions?

A new fact is a new problem, and the solution of one problem is but the opened way to another. To the easily unsettled mind, distressed because of the ever-waxing complication of unanswerable questions, there is one finality of truth—God is in charge. Of what avail is it to speculate whether our children, who have so easily passed through the gate of death, are to meet us again as children? Shall they grow and progress as they would have done had they spent more years of life on earth? We ought to be glad that we do not know; for such knowing as we should be capable of here would be only the opening of new problems of unrest. To know that God is in charge of it all is to know all that we ask, and more. This is the glorious finality of all problems here: God is, and "God is Love."

"I want them close in the dear old way,
But life goes forward and will not stay,
And He who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darling out of my sight.
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Out from the Father and into life;
Back to His breast from the ended strife
And after finished labor, I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,
And I know that so
I shall be in the land where we shall go."
S. S. Times.

Of Interest to God.

It cheers me to think of God's interest in little things. We do not need to move a world to please Him. A gentle thought lodged in a child's mind will do it as well. So a momentary aspiration upward in ejaculatory prayer, for a pastor in his work may achieve more than we think. Is there any better way of winding up the labors of a lifetime than to set going little rills of intercession running in behalf of good men?—Austin Phelps.

A Hard Lesson.

Learning to bear disappointments with calmness and equanimity of spirit is often a hard lesson for the Christian. It is so easy to be impatient, when things do not suit us, or go in accordance with our ideas. Our impatience may be perfectly natural, and perhaps just, and yet at the same time have a bad reflex influence. It is far better to bear the disappointments of life with a spirit of fortitude.—Christian Secretary.

Trials of Life.

The trials of life are tests of character and faith. When we bear up under these things, we are fitted for receiving larger duties and wider usefulness and blessings. Young Christian, take this as a fact, and your life and character will grow stronger, and you will be happier after passing successfully through each test.—Christian Index.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Bright Bits of Truth From the Ram's Horn Columns.

The devil always hates the man whom God indorses.

Love to God is sure to bring peace of conscience.

Whenever love makes a gift it anoints it with its own blood.

Growth is always the result of life inside.

The sinner is on his way to God as soon as he turns his back on sin.

If you are a David, God will sooner or later give you a chance to meet Goliath.

The highest duty of every man is to love God and keep His commandments.

God is soon found when we are willing to kick the last sin out of the house.

The father helps the devil who makes his boy do a man's work with a dull hoe.

There is no lifting power in the religion of a man who won't pay his debts.

Whenever you are sowing seed remember that it is God's business to make it grow.

The only business of Christ in this World was to seek and save the lost.

Indifference about the salvation of the world is disloyalty to Christ.

Many men sell themselves to the devil because they first get in debt.

A Christian's cry for deliverance is the marching order to the armies of the skies.

A pure heart is a jewel which should adorn every blood-bought soul.

If tombstones were reliable, the devil would soon be wearing mourning.

You can often tell how much God has to do with a church by the way the people sing.

Have you ever noticed how fast God's mercies multiply when you try to count them up?

God sees to it that the cheerful giver never has to go out of the business for want of capital.

God has declared that the way to get happiness is to give it, and yet how few believe it.

You are doing what Christ would do when you are trying to lighten the burden of another.

The hardest place in which a Christian man can be put, is the one he picks out for himself.

When we have once tasted the bread of life, the best the world can offer seems to be all crust.

There are angels in Heaven who have nothing to do but to help men who are true to God.—Psalms 34:7.

If you go to church without praying for the preacher, the devil will be very apt to walk home with you.

Every preacher ought to remember that the only thing that can be used to hit sin square in the head is truth.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and profession is nine points in the average Christian experience.

There is the same relationship between faith and works that there is between the fruit of a tree and its roots.

The only condition upon which some people are willing to work is that they may do it in the front window.

All things work together for good to them that love God, is a promise calculated to make any Christian clap his hands for joy.

To the aged saint Heaven looms up brighter every step, and amid a chorus of hosannas angels escort him to a conqueror's crowning.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

APPETITE.

I am going to speak of appetite;
And when my piece is ended,
I hope you will not find a place
You think could have been mended.

Now appetite is right enough:
A great and grand possession;
If natural, entirely safe,
And will the bones put flesh on.

If artificial, then look out,
And pamper not the stranger;
An artificial appetite,
If gratified, means danger.

An appetite for ale and beer,
For brandy, gin and whisky,
Is artificial, and we know
Of all things very risky.

All dangerous things we ought to shun,
And so we think it better
To practice total abstinence,
Unto the very letter.
—Thos. R. Thompson, in Union Signal.

A WARNING TO BOYS.

Mental and Moral Wreck in Store for Those Who Drink.

I should like to speak a word to the boys on this subject, though I hope that none who read this may know from experience the fulfillment of the word. We have men who drink from various causes. Some boys, God pity them, merge into manhood with a hereditary taint upon them and without enough will to resist it, while others with every promise of a bright, successful future before them are persuaded by some one, perhaps one whom they think their best friend, to take the first glass.

Ah, boys, if some pitying hand could hold that glass before you, and in it you could see the consequences of that first fatal glass—could see the years of misery and disgrace awaiting you, would you not turn with a shudder from it? But alas! the picture is withheld, the first glass is taken, and after that the work is very rapid. How much easier it is then to follow the downward road to ruin than toil up the road to honor; yet if we would only stop to think what awaits us at the terminus of each road!

Then boys it is not only you who have to suffer. When your honor and manliness dies, some other heart is broken. It may be a dear old mother, whose idol you are. Every downward step you take crushes that poor mother's heart. How many sleepless nights she spends praying for her wayward boy, asking God to take care of him! How she worries, prays, and weeps for him until her hair is threaded with silver, and lines of care form on the once smooth brow! And yet there is never any bitterness in a mother's heart toward her erring boy. It may be crushed by grief, broken by sorrow, yet her love never changes. Boys, when you have broken that poor mother's heart by your waywardness, when that dear face is shrouded away from your sight, when those loving hands that ever toiled for your welfare and comfort are still and cold, when those dear lips that never before refused to bless and speak a loving word to you are silent and hidden from human eyes, then you will realize all that she has been to you. If any sacrifice could then bring her back how gladly would you make it!

But strive as you will to shake off the habit, its hold on you is too firm to be easily shaken. It has enslaved you and become your master. If you would only think before you form such a habit! How many bright, intelligent youths have become wrecks, mentally and morally, who must date their ruin back to their first glass of liquor. Remember boys that the way to honor is narrow and straight. Though at times it may seem hard, yet at the end you will know your toil has not been in vain.—Maude Murphy, in Self-Culture.

ABSTAINING TOTALLY.

Strong Evidence in Favor of Strict Temperance.

I was not a total abstainer till after I was forty years old, because the desirability of setting the example had never been brought home to me. But from the day that I became one, the total abstention from alcoholic liquor has never given me the smallest trouble, nor caused me the least regret; nor would it cause any real trouble, to any healthy man who had always been moderate and temperate, and had never fatally persuaded himself that drink was a necessity to him. There are some twenty thousand prisoners in England, and from the day that they enter prison no alcohol is allowed them. Do they suffer in consequence? On the contrary, they improve in health.

The case, I admit, is very difficult with drunkards, and with all who have been born with hereditary craving for drink. Abstinence is not so easy for those who, even without intoxication, have long been accustomed to take drink in larger quantities than is good for them. I do not deny that the resolute determination to give up drink altogether may cost such men a serious struggle; but (1) the effort may be mitigated by a wise and moderate use of tea, coffee and very hot water, sipped when the craving becomes strong; and (2) by keeping away from every incentive and temptation to drink. Further, the effort will become easier every week that it is continued. And let me point out that: whether the task be difficult or not, these are the very men for whom the effort is a matter of the most elementary necessity, of the most initial safety. If it gives a workingman no trouble whatever to be an abstainer, then the desirability of setting a much-needed example to others, and of helping to deliver his country from an intolerable curse, ought, I think, to weigh with him. If on the other hand, it costs him great trouble, if he finds that he has an ugly and increasing fondness for alcohol, then he may be the very man for whom abstinence is most essential. To him it is a safeguard from a peril which may utterly destroy his happiness here, and may endanger the safety of his soul hereafter. To reclaim even an habitual drunkard, though difficult, is not impossible. In spite of the difficulty, the fact that confirmed drunkards—such as John Gough, the great temperance orator, once was—can be, and have been snatched like brands from the burning, even after they have been seized by that awful disease of delirium tremens, which stands, like God's executioner, in the path of so many a drunkard, shows that a man can not be so far gone as to be beyond the possibility of rescue even at the eleventh hour. It is far easier for a man to save himself (through God's grace) by total abstinence, when he has not habitually, still more when he has but rarely, sunk into the shameful helplessness of actual intoxication. But the more difficult it is for any man to achieve his deliverance, the more obviously imperative is it upon him for the sake of his country, for the sake of his order, for his own sake, for the sake of his wife and family, for the sake of children, yet unborn. Any trouble which the effort may cause him, is ten-thousand fold less trying than the awful and immeasurable retribution which may come upon him by a reckless continuance in that which, after all, is nothing higher than a sensual indulgence—harmless, perhaps, if not abused, but in no sense harmless if it tends to become a ruin and a snare.—Archdeacon Farrar, in British Workman.

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

A Theory of the Non-Alcoholic Treatment of Disease.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson was one of the speakers at the recent annual National Temperance league, London, and his able address on the occasion he characterized as his "latest message as a physical inquirer into the effects of alcohol." Concerning the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease, and his experience as senior physician of the London Temperance hospital, we quote the following, to which we invite the special attention of American physicians:

"I was brought up professionally from a very early age—from my first age, I had almost said—to look on things medical as part of my daily life, and I had learned nothing more decisively than this: that alcohol was at least a necessary instrument of the physician, a means of cure, a certain remedy in disease, if it had no other virtue. When the vital fire was high I was taught to use it. When the vital powers were perverted or irregular I was taught to use it. When the vital force were low I was especially taught to use it. It was adduced as a remedy that lessened fever, steadied irregularities, sustained and maintained strength, and quickened circulation. Contradictory as these statements might seem to be, they were like the laws of the Medes and Persian to the student and young practitioner of medicine in my first days, and so strongly were they imprinted on my mind that when I had overcome the physiological difficulties I continued for some time to apply what I had originally learned to the treatment of disease, using alcohol as, at least, an exceptional remedy. Gradually it dawned upon me that the error here ought to be just as great as the error relating to health and alcohol. I began thereupon a new investigation. I proceeded, step by step, to lay aside alcohol as a remedy, and when the practice of the London temperance hospital was opened to me I obtained a field such as I had never had before for scientific observation—with the result that seven hundred acute cases of disease have there come under my care, diseases of the most varied kinds and acutest in character, all of which have been treated systematically without any recourse of alcohol or to anything that may be called a substitute for it. The experience has exceeded every expectation that would have occurred to me twenty-five years ago. It gives me no more trouble or anxiety now to treat the most serious diseases without alcohol than ever it did with it. Recoveries from severest diseases are as good, if not better, under this method than under the old one, and convalescence is unquestionably advanced. The truth, in short, holds good all through, that that which is best in health is best also in disease, and if it were in the power of anyone to say to me, 'I remove from your reach alcohol as a medicine,' I should answer: 'There is not a medicine that you can remove from me with greater impunity.'"—National Temperance Advocate.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Seventeen hundred and forty converted drunkard's is last year's record of the London city mission.

Of the twelve thousand saloonkeepers of New York city, whose "good moral character" entitled them to license, eight thousand have served terms in prison.

The chief constable of Glasgow, Scotland, in his annual report for 1893, states that 17,215 persons were found in the streets of that city drunk and incapable, and 23,511 drunk and disorderly.

There is steadily cumulative testimony, by many scientific experts, that beer, which the brewers boast of as a wholesome "temperance" beverage, is in reality more prolific in physical injury than the stronger liquors.

To most who have never been under the slavery of the cigarette habit it is a wonder that a man with intellectual capacity for a successful business career should have such a weak spot in his head as to become a victim of the filthy practice of incessantly puffing away at a little roll of paper filled with all manner of poisonous stuff. Very recently, the newspapers contained an item concerning one of New Haven's best-known dentists and society leaders, who was taken to the state insane retreat in Connecticut, as a result of cigarette smoking. Yet boys will pay no heed to such warnings.—Temperance Herald.

The words of Sir Henry Thompson, the famous medical practitioner, who wrote so long ago, are as true now as when first written: "I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, physical, moral and spiritual, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental powers to an extent which, I think, few people are aware of."

HOW THEY DIFFER.

A Practical Illustration of the Reflecting and Refracting Telescopes.

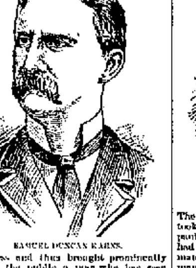
A very pretty little experiment, which illustrates these two methods of forming an optical image, and, by way of corollary, illustrates the essential difference between refracting and reflecting telescopes, may be performed by anyone who possesses a reading glass and a magnifying hand mirror. In a room that is not too brightly illuminated pin a sheet of white paper on the wall opposite to a window that, by preference, should face the north, or away from the position of the sun. Taking first the reading glass, hold it between the window and the wall parallel to the sheet of the paper, and a foot or more distant from the latter. By moving it to and fro a little you will be able to find a distance, corresponding to the focal length of the lens, at which a picture of the window is formed on the paper. This picture, or image, will be upside down, because the rays of light cross at the focus. By moving the glass a little closer to the wall you will cause the picture of the window to become indistinct, while a beautiful image of the houses, trees or other objects of the outdoor world beyond will be formed upon the paper. We thus learn that the distance of the image from the lens varies with the distance of the object whose image is formed. In precisely a similar manner an image is formed at the focus of the object glass of a refracting telescope.

Take next your magnifying or concave mirror, and detaching the sheet of paper from the wall, hold it nearly in front of the mirror between the latter and the window. When you have adjusted the distance to the focal length of the mirror you will see an image of the window projected upon the paper, and by varying the distance, as before, you will be able to produce at will pictures of nearer or more remote objects. It is in this way that images are formed at the focus of the mirror of a reflecting telescope.—Garrett P. Serviss, in Popular Science Monthly.

WAS ONCE A MILLIONAIRE.

Now Dunn Karns Is a Practically Penniless Candidate for Congress.

When Coxey's commonweal army passed through Pittsburg on its way to Washington, the good people of that smoky town beheld the unusual spectacle of an ex-millionaire marching afoot at the head of the motley column as its escort. The ex-millionaire was Samuel Duncan Karns, familiarly known as Dunn Karns. Now the Populists for the Twenty-second Pennsylvania district have nominated Karns for



SAMUEL DUNCAN KARNS.

congress and thus brought prominently before the public a man who has seen more ups and downs than fall to the lot of many men even in the oil regions.

S. D. Karns was born at what is now known as Karns Station, on the West Penn road, Sept. 21, 1843. He was educated at the public schools and graduated at a Pittsburg business college. In 1859 he accompanied his uncle across the plains to Pike's peak and afterward assisted him in opening up the oilfields of West Virginia. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private at the age of 17, saw service in the Virginia campaigns and was mustered out as a lieutenant.

After the war Karns went to Parker's Landing and engaged in the oil business. He was unsuccessful at first, but finally "struck it rich," and in 1873, when oil was $2.50 a barrel, he had one well producing 2,000 barrels a day. Besides this he had a number of other profitable wells, and his money soon ran into the millions. Following his big oil strikes he started the Exchange bank of Parker's Landing, of which he was president; built the iron bridge over the Allegheny at that city, of which he was president, and owned the majority of stock. He built the railroad from Parker's Landing to Karns City, a town laid out by and named after him, and also the railroad from Karns City to Butler. The majority of stock in both roads was owned by Mr Karns, and on the completion of these roads he built and operated the Karns pipe line, which cost $300,000.

Here he came in contact with the Standard Oil company. He refused to compromise with that gigantic monopoly and fought it sturdily while his fortune lasted, which was not long. To-day Dunn Karns is a poor man, and to the Standard Oil company he attributes his poverty. He squandered his money recklessly while he was rolling in wealth and does not seem to regret his prodigality now that he is reduced to short commons. At one time he kept 14 race horses in his palatial stable, and he spent thousands of dollars on horseflesh. Whenever Karns made a good oil strike, which was often, it meant a general jollification for the whole neighborhood, rich and poor alike. He built a mansion in the Allegheny mountains, miles away from any one, which he called Glenkarns, but the people called it "Karns' folly." This house cost $75,000 and slipped away from him in his fight with the Standard.

After his defeat by the oil monopoly Karns gathered up the remnants of his fortune and went to Virginia, where he built the Fredericksburg and Orange railroad from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse, 40 miles. The enterprise promised to be a successful one, but owing to the hard times the company was unable to float its bonds, and Karns lost his last dollar. In 1880 he went to Kansas and for six years superintended a cattle ranch for E. O. Emerson, the celebrated oil producer of Titusville. There Mr. Karns accumulated a valuable stock of health and energy, some of which he proposes to expend in his approaching congressional campaign.

LEAVES A LEGACY OF CURSES.

A California Doctor Scores His Enemies in His Will.

Dr. John W. Hood, who was a practicing physician in Haywards, Alameda county, Cal., for a number of years and kept a drug store in the same place, left a legacy in his will, filed in Oakland recently, which his enemies will not soon forget. The friends of Dr. Hood say that he really died of a broken heart. The worry and sadness brought into his once happy life encouraged disease, which he could not cope with, and so passed away.

Something over a year ago Mrs. Hood, the wife of Dr. Hood, was scandalized from one end of the country to the other.



DR. JOHN W. HOOD.

The couple had no children, and the wife took a little girl to raise and be her companion. The story spread that Mrs. Hood had treated the child in a most inhuman manner and cut and bruised her on many occasions. As the stories spread they became magnified, and the whole town of Haywards was excited about the matter. At last a warrant was sworn out for her arrest on a charge of battery. At the first trial the jury disagreed, but on the second hearing she was acquitted after an exciting contest. The publicity given to the matter wrecked the happiness of Dr. Hood and his wife. The latter was never the same woman after her arrest, and as she was idolized by her husband he grieved to a great extent over the unjust persecution, as he termed it, which had been made against her. One morning when Dr. Hood awoke he found his wife dead by his side. He had heard no struggle during the night. The shock to him was a great one. They said she died from heart disease, but the doctor told his friends that she really died from a broken heart. The disgrace that had been brought upon her name wrecked her happiness and health irretrievably.

A few weeks ago Dr. Hood wrote his will and left it at Haywards. His health had been failing, and he decided to take a trip to Europe. The start was made, and when he reached Rochester, Ills., he died suddenly. The will is a most extraordinary document. The testator makes a few bequests to relatives and concludes as follows:

Lastly, I wish to leave my undying curse to those villains who conspired by the false charge of battery against my darling and whose base lies drove her to the grave, and to the blacking attorney, Mr. ——, the convicted ——, and all the rest of the good scandal mongers of Haywards, including hypocritical Mrs. ——, who was the worst of the lot. To my many friends and my sympathizers, which means all the honest, good and true people of Haywards, I wish all the prosperity and happiness they deserve, with my everlasting gratitude for their kindness.

A Law Against Gossiping in Washington.

The jury system of the District of Columbia is peculiar and has been unchanged since the time of Lord Baltimore and Queen Elizabeth. The old colonial laws of Maryland obtain, under which the court can even now punish a woman for gossiping, or telling tales to her neighbor, or failing to keep her house neat and clean. The law prohibits planters from feeding their workmen terrapin and canvasback duck and requires that housekeepers shall give their servants wholesome food. People can be fined so many pounds of tobacco for swearing on the streets or for not attending church.

The Wrong Part of It.

Dexter—I think it is all right for a young man to sow his wild oats.

Pauline—Yes—that is, if he doesn't sow them on another man's property.—Brooklyn Life.

Why the Cactus Flourishes in Dry Weather.

The skin of the cactus is airtight—a marvelous provision of nature to enable this plant to live in a soil where moisture is scarce and under a sun that would speedily dry up every drop of moisture the plant contains.

It was a dead give away when Broker Sibley would not tell whether any senators bought sugar stock.

Fruit House Prices for 1894.

There has been many changes and reverses the past year in politics, as well as in business affairs. The lessons taught ought to be of much value in the future. If it be true, the rectoring of the income act is a blessing to the country. Than the fewer we have of such blessings the better. If this country is to keep on growing half millionaires and half paupers, then we are in as much danger as when Lincoln made the declaration that we cannot exist as a nation half slave and half free.

There has been great depreciation in many goods, none more so than on sugar. It is so low now that you can purchase a barrel at about the same price as 100 lbs a few years ago. The Sugar "Barons" are uneasy that congress will take steps to break up their trust, hence the stocks have taken a tumble and the sugar went with it. The reduction is equal to 1½c in the last two months.

Crushed and Powdered, 5c.	Coffee A, 4c.
Standard Granulated, 4¾c.	Extra C, 3¾c.

Of course it cannot be expected these unprecedented low prices can long continue, hence would recommend liberal purchases now. There is no possibility of going lower. So with

TEAS.

They are unusually low. When you can purchase a pound of Good Tea at the same price as a pound of Coffee, it is natural the Tea will be preferred, for one pound of tea will go as far as two pounds of coffee, and in consequence is much more economical. Our Tea Trade is growing continually. We sell them at a small profit, this we can afford to do, for we purchase in large lots direct from the importers, and resell direct to our customers, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of the jobber and speculator, which is at least 10c to 15c per pound.

Young Hyson, extra good, 25c.	Uncolored Japan, 30c, 35c, best 50c.
Young Hyson, choice, 35c; best 50c.	English Breakfast, 30c; best 50c.
Imperial, extra choice, 35c; best, 50c.	Oolong, extra Black Tea, 35c; best, 50c
Gunpowder, extra, 35c; best 50c.	Tea Dust, 15c lb.

The 25c tea is good; in fact, we will double the amount of this to any other. Our best 50c is high flavor - choice goods and no better in market.

COFFEE.

The coffee market has been controlled some by speculation, but mostly by the war in Brazil—in consequence of the war which is still going on, the supplies from Brazil are very uncertain, and are likely to be a settled market until the war ceases. The quotations are very firm and no decline looked for.

Rio Coffee, green, 20c; best, 21c.	Rio Coffee, roasted, best, 24c.
All package coffees, 25c.	Mocha, green, 30c; roasted, 35c.
Old Government Java, 27c; roasted, 32c.	

Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables.

Standard Tomatoes, 3 lb can, 10c.	3 lb Baltimore Peaches, 15c.
California Green Gages, 15c.	California 2½ lb. Peaches, 20c.
3 lb Pie Peaches, 9c.	California Apricots, 17c.

Machine Oils and Castor Oils.

Castor Oil down to $1 per gal.	Black Machine Oil, 20c gal
Fish Oil, 50c gal.	Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gal.
Golden Machine Oil, 30c gal.	Linseed Oil, boiled, 60c gal.

Syrups and Molasses.

New Orleans Molasses, 25c; best 40c gal.	Golden Drips, 30c, best 40c gal.
Sorghum, extra nice, from Kentucky, 40c.	Vermont Maple syrup, 80c gal.

Raisins, Currants and Citrons.

These goods are exceedingly low, in fact, never in the history of the trade have they been so low. In place of being luxuries, they are so cheap they have become of every day use.

California Raisins, 5c per lb.	California Muscatels, 5c.
California London Layers, 10c.	Zantee Currants, No. 1, 4c lb.
Citron, Leghorn, extra nice, 15c lb.	

The 5c California Raisins are nice and fresh, all the difference not so large as the others.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Horse Shoe Plug, 45c lb.	J. T. Plug, 35c lb.	A. B. C. Plug, 35c plug.
Tinsel Plug, 25 lb.	Durham Smoking, 45c lb.	Briar Smoking, 35c lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 25c lb.	Sweet Conqueror Smoking, 15c lb.	
Cigars from 40c to $1.25 box.	Harvest Gem, 40c box.	Crowing Hen, 60c box.
C. O., $1.25 box.	Royal Seal, 65c box.	Sport, 90c box.
	All good goods.	

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.

We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines—no Foreign goods.

Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 85c gal.	Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California Angelica, very fine $1.25 gal.	California Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.50 gal.	Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.50 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.40 and $1.75.	Gin 75, $2.50 gal.
Gin and Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal.	Wine in Bottles, 30 and 40c bottle.
Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c bottle.	One-Year-Old Rye, $1.00 gal

You Will Save 20c on the Dollar by Trading at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

M. CASIMIR-PERIER IS BRAVE, HONEST AND BRAINY.

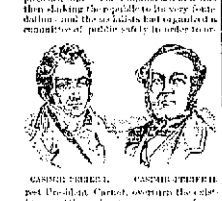
One of the Few Public Men In France Unsmirched by Panama Canal Mud—His Father and Grandfather Were Both Eminent In Politics Before Him.

M. Casimir-Perier, who has been elected president of the French republic to succeed M. Carnot, enjoys the distinction of being one of the few [illegible] French public life—one of the few unsmirched by the black cloud of the Panama canal scandal. He is a small, dark, determined [illegible] man, and his moral and physical courage [illegible] with [illegible]. "The [illegible] by the "removal" of M. Carnot, [illegible] the people have elected [illegible] men without [illegible] in France.

President Casimir-Perier is barely 47 years of age, but he has had a long public career and comes of a [illegible] family in France for its political [illegible]. For three generations the family [illegible] President Carnot, has held high places in public life. His grandfather, the first Casimir-Perier, established a bank in Paris in 1802, became prime minister in 1831 and is said to have been the only



[illegible]



CASIMIR-PERIER. CASIMIR-PERIER.

[illegible]

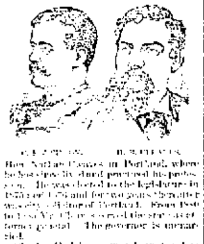
THE CAMPAIGN IN MAINE.

[illegible]

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where he served until his discharge, [illegible]

[illegible]



Hon. Nelson Dingley [illegible] in Portland, where he has since [illegible] practiced his profession. [illegible] The governor is unmarried.

Charles F. Johnson was born [illegible] Waterville. [illegible] and has been blessed with two children.

A MODEL FIRST LADY.

Mme. Carnot Is Dead, but She Made Her Husband's Reign Socially Successful.

Mme. Carnot, who was the first lady of France until the hand of the assassin laid her statesman husband low and robbed France of its first man, was a model social ruler. In her queenly position she was kind, but dignified, hospitable, but a firm believer in true social propriety, intellectual, and yet not obtrusively talkative. [illegible] Her tact was excellent, and her womanly social graces gave to French official life a charm it had not possessed for many years. She is very deaf, but the infirmity rarely embarrassed her. [illegible]

Before her marriage Mme. Carnot was Miss Dupont White. She was a mere girl, not out of her teens, when she married the then obscure Marie François Sadi Carnot in 1863. M. Carnot was only 21 and had



MME. CARNOT.

just been graduated from the Polytechnic school of Paris at the head of his class in civil engineering. Mme. Carnot little imagined then the great career before her husband. [illegible]

M. Carnot's married life was very happy, and every hour not devoted to the affairs of state was spent in the company of his charming wife. Four children—three boys and a girl—[illegible]. She speaks English and Italian fluently and has somewhat of an acquaintance with other languages.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

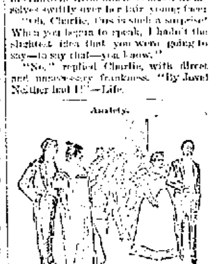
The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while the radiant little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

Anxiety.



He—Robinson is very anxious to marry again.

She—Why, I didn't know his wife was dead.

He—She isn't. That's the reason he is so anxious about it—she's with him now.—Life.

Changed.

"Marry me or die!" he hissed.

"Neither," she coldly rejoined.

They parted. Years passed. They met again. Meanwhile she had graduated.

"Hast thou a different answer now?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His heart swelled with hope.

"Speak, I pray thee," he urged.

"Nyther," she said.—Detroit Tribune.

SHE SAID SOMETHING

BUT MR. GALLUP SEEMED OBLIVIOUS TO HIS WIFE'S TRIBULATIONS.

Even When He Hears the Dreadful News About Cape Cod He Doesn't Get Excited, and Mrs. Gallup Gives It Up In Disgust.

[Copyright, 1894, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"So you are home at last, are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Gallup as the squire came in at half past 10 o'clock from attending a meeting of the board of village trustees.

"Samuel Gallup," she continued as he hung up his hat and placed his cane in a corner of the sitting room and [illegible] glanced up at the clock, [illegible]

Mr. Gallup advanced to the clock, opened the door, found the key and began to wind up the time [illegible].

"You were away at 7 o'clock," she continued, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Did you say anything?" she repeated as she dropped herself on a chair and reached for a square piece of flannel to wipe her eyes. "That's the way with the hull Gallup tribe! [illegible]



"DID YOU SAY ANYTHING?"

hour, and you pretend you haven't heard a word. It's just as all the neighbors say—I throwed myself away when I married you."

The squire let the cat out of the side door and then stepped into the kitchen for the bootjack.

"If girls would only be guided by their mothers," continued Mrs. Gallup as she wiped her eyes and then rubbed her nose with her finger to see if the color had come off the flannel. "But they won't. They can't and won't see beyond their noses. Mother told me how it would be if I married a Gallup, but I married on just the same, and here I am—right by inches. I suppose you've already picked out my headstone and that it's a small, scrubby affair, just tall enough for a calf to scratch his shoulder on, but I'm not goin to complain. The Fullers are not that kind."

The squire stood on the bootjack with his left foot and pulled the right boot off and then reversed the operation. He had placed his boots against the baseboard and hung up the bootjack when Mrs. Gallup recovered her emotions sufficiently to observe:

"Mrs. Abernethy had it in a letter written by her own sister, and there can't be no mistake about it. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Samuel Gallup, you don't want to hear what was in that letter, but I'm goin to tell you! Cape Cod is wearin away to the extent of 23 inches a year, and it's only a question of time when the Atlantic ocean will roll over the hull United States! Yes, Samuel, roll right over you'n me and our front and back yards and into this very room! [illegible]

"It's over a thousand miles from here to Cape Cod," remarked the squire as he took off his vest and hung it on the bedpost in the bedroom.

[illegible]

"That's the Gallup of it—allus putting off and procrastinating and never ready for anything except to run in debt or go soon the weight of a hog! But never mind! If you can stand it, I can. If the Atlantic ocean gits me, it'll git you, and, as the neighbors all say, I'm ten times over better prepared to go to heaven than you are! [illegible]

THE MAJOR'S GOOD THING.

George Said the Very Smell of Bacon Made Him Sick.

As I sat talking to the major in his warehouse at noon, with all the doors open, we heard a sudden and vigorous yelling from the shed back of the store. [illegible]

"Git out—git out, sah!"

"Hut here, hum yell!"

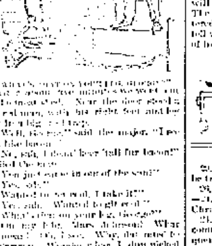
[illegible]

"What is it, major?"

"Oh, I just keep a boxtrap set out there in the woodhouse, and one of the

---

boys has put his foot in it. [illegible]



[illegible]

"Well, George," said the major, "I see you like bacon."

"No, sah, I doan' keer 'bout no bacon!" replied the man.

[illegible]

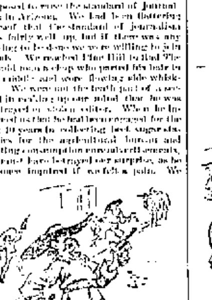
"Never shall want no mo' bacon, sah. Good day, Mars Johnson."

[illegible]

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Man Who Came West With Peace In His Heart.

AN EDITORIAL FAILURE.—Three weeks ago, when the first issue of The Pine Hill Herald appeared, we mounted our cayuse and rode over to that town to size up the editor. We had heard that he was an eastern man and a rusher, and in his salutatory he announced that he had come to stay and proposed to raise the standard of journalism in Arizona. We had been flattering ourself that the standard of journalism was fairly well up, but if there was any raising to be done we were willing to join hands. We reached Pine Hill to find The Herald man a chap who parted his hair in the middle and wore flowing side whiskers. We were not the tenth part of a second in making up our mind that he was a stray from eastern editor. When he informed us that he had been engaged for the last 10 years in collecting beet sugar statistics for the agricultural bureau and writing consumption circulars, we must have betrayed our surprise, as he at once inquired if we felt a pain. We



HE YELLED FOR HOSES.

did. The conceit of such a critter in coming out here to raise anything gave us two or three pains.

[illegible]

We can't express the sorrow we felt at hearing the news [illegible]

Last Tuesday Joe Wheeler, who had been out on Cherry creek looking up [illegible]

When we reached home, we placed Mr. Haskell in our bedroom and called the doctor. [illegible] we wanted to ask Mr. Haskell how the

---

soothing racket worked when those critters got up stairs and when he was going to issue No. 2 of The Herald, but something always prompted us to refrain.

[illegible]

M. QUAD.

THE PUZZLER

No. 187.—Numerical Enigma.

20, 13, 8, 31, 18, 12, 23, 36, said by some to be the oldest city in existence.

[illegible]

No. 194.—A Fish Pond.

1. The declaration that I drag a cask.
2. What a lady prizes highly after she is betrothed.
3. A sharp lance.
4. An animal and what he becomes when a wolf catches him.
5. Possessed and a place for boats.
6. A fish whose name implies reproof.
7. Something found in the henhouse.
8. A sullen look.
9. Assistance.

No. 195.—Transpositions.

A culprit who had —— against the laws of the land and had, among other crimes, been convicted of manslaughter was sentenced to spend the remainder of his days in prison. He laid a plan by which he hoped to escape, but the trusty —— discovered the evidences of his plan in a —— in his cell, and the plan was thereby frustrated. The culprit was put in irons for 20 days as a —— for his behavior.

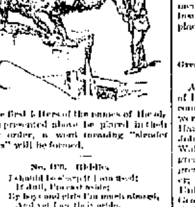
No. 196.—Charade.

When Mr. Q. first came to town,
Upon the whole he rode.
There in the best society
He took up his abode.

But gradually he "petered out,"
To use the street boy phrase,
And on a [illegible]
As passed the fleeting days.

At length his [illegible]
"That is must be 'Skip-red,'"
And when their orders were fulfilled
He rode upon [illegible].

No. 197.—Pictorial Acrostic.



If the first letters of the names of the objects represented above be placed in their proper order, a word meaning "slender threads" will be formed.

No. 198.—Riddle.

[illegible]

No. 197.—Progressive Enigma.

0 0 0 — 0 0 — 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

[illegible]

No. 198.—A Poultry Problem.

I bought some fowls the other day,
One hundred dollars did I pay.
Each turkey did two dollars cost;
Each goose did bring but half as much,
While chickens, if it must be told,
For ten cents each were freely sold.
One hundred fowls in all had I,
Of each how many did I buy?

No. 199.—Checkered Square.

[illegible]

For the characters substitute letters, so that the first horizontal and vertical lines, read across and downward, will form a word meaning [illegible]

No. 200.—Hidden Creatures.

1. Have you been to church this morning?
2. May I go to play, mother dear?
3. She was put into her room as a punishment.
4. There was luggage in the train.
5. The gardener has nailed the rose tree to the wall.

What Is It?

Mention the name of an object which has two heads, one tail, four legs on one side and two on the other. A lady on horseback.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 185.—A Patriotic Acrostic: Fourth of July.

No. 186.—The Upright Corks: No answer required.

No. 187.—Enumerate:

P A R I S	T I B E R
T U R I N	N A T A L
M I L A N	N O V E L
S E V E R	S E V E R
N E B E C	N I T E R

No. 188.—A Complete Change: Tenthorn, Wagoner.

No. 189.—Hidden Travels: Between two stools you will fall to the ground.

No. 190.—Central Deletions: Cudeln, Debar, Faerre, Haste, Leust.

Estimate of Course.

"Miss Allen?" said one. "Why, she must weigh at least 150 pounds."

"Not so [illegible]," [illegible] the young men present.

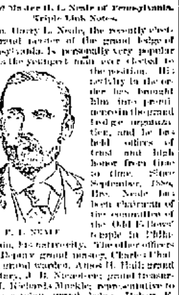
And then everybody asked him how he knew.—Somerville Journal.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

ODD FELLOWS.

Grand Master E. L. Neale of Pennsylvania. Triple Link Notes.

Rev. Henry L. Neale, the recently elected grand master of the grand lodge of Pennsylvania, is personally very popular and is the youngest man ever elected to the position. [illegible]



E. L. NEALE.

[illegible]

There are 11,016 members of the order in Connecticut.

[illegible]

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Preparations For the Biennial Convention. Phew-Tips.

[illegible]

The grand lodge of Tennessee donated $5,000 to the Pythian university and $1,000 to the Tennessee brigade, uniform rank.

The salary of the grand keeper of records and seals of Mississippi is $1,000 per annum.

Alabama Knights have subscribed $10,000 of the $25,000 necessary to build the proposed home in that state.

Michigan has 10,554 Knights.

Arkansas has 55 sections and 1,101 members of the endowment rank.

[illegible]

RED MEN.

Great Chiefs Raised Up In Pennsylvania. Short Talks.

About 350 representatives of the tribes of Pennsylvania were present at the great council held at Bethlehem. [illegible]

The reservation of Connecticut has 23 lodges and 2,075 members.

[illegible]

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Since the institution of the grand temple, Ladies of the Golden Eagle of Pennsylvania, May 8, three temples have been instituted.

[illegible]

Order of Chosen Friends.

A healthy and substantial growth is visible in the councils of the order, and a constant stream of applications is being handed in as a result of renewed activity and interest.

[illegible]

About 8,000 persons attended the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the order in St. Louis recently.

Woodmen of the World.

The Woodmen of the World is a fraternal organization with the beneficiary feature common to such societies. The head office is in Denver.

MASONIC.

A National Home For Consumptives Proposed—Trestleboard Designs.

At a recent special meeting of Montezuma lodge, Santa Fe, a movement was inaugurated which promises to be of inestimable benefit to suffering humanity. [illegible]

In England the increase of lodges never ceases. The number now exceeds 2,400.

A poet proclaims that truth is a king who is greater than Solomon and whose master building is the temple of humanity. God is truth, and he is that King.

The Masons of Ohio are endeavoring to raise the requisite fund to erect a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Lafayette Van Cleve, grand chaplain.

Charity is the chief of every social virtue and the distinguishing characteristic

---

of Masons.

[illegible]

UNITED WORKMEN.

Statistics of the Order as Shown by the Reports and Lodge Notes.

[illegible]

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Annual Session of the Supreme Lodge. Notes and Gossip.

[illegible]

Knights and Ladies of Honor.

The June call has 72 deaths, amounting to $35,500; estimated amount of one assessment, $37,200; balance on hand, $14,663.

[illegible]

Ancient Order of Foresters of America.

[illegible]

Royal Arcanum.

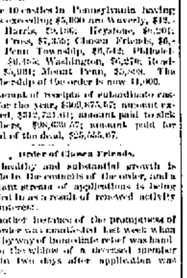
The grand council of Illinois at its recent session authorized the employment of an assistant grand secretary.

The annual report of the supreme regent shows the order to be in a prosperous condition.

Rev. C. H. Eaton is grand regent of Georgia and C. L. Donnard grand secretary.

The Royal Arcanum Aid society of Brooklyn has a membership of 310.

Three Whitewashed Stones.



"Great Scott! Who'd have thought that hen could have laid that egg!"—Once a Week.

She Didn't Know.

A highly accomplished young lady who knows all about Greek and Latin and is well advanced in one of the universities of the state created a sensation last evening at the home of a Stockton friend whom she is visiting. She ran into the house breathless with excitement and exclaimed:

"Dear me, what do you think has happened?"

"What?" exclaimed all hands, springing up in alarm.

"There's a hen out here has got ten little chickens."

"Well?" inquiringly.

The young lady hesitated, evidently nonplused over the fact that her statement had created no surprise, and then asked dubiously:

"Isn't it rather unusual for a hen to have so many?"

"Why, no," said the lady of the house. "I've had hens with as high as 16 chicks."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the university miss, "I thought they only had one child at a time."—Stockton Mail.

Cause of the Misunderstanding.

"Did you see that string of fish I brought back from Lewiston the other day?" inquired the enthusiastic angler of his companion.

"No," replied the other, who was envious and didn't care whether school kept or not. "You should have seen them. They were beauties. Had 'em photographed. Cost me $3."

"What, the fish?"

And that is the reason blood was discovered on the sidewalk next morning.—Buffalo Express.



"My Trade

will take anything I give them; they believe what I tell them; and I mean to sell them what I make the most on." That is what one grocer actually gives as a reason for selling washing powders—imitations—instead of the original and best washing-compound—Pearline. If grocers and customers were all like these, the millions of women who are now blessing Pearline would still be doing useless hard work. But when you come across such a dealer, don't let him put you off with anything except Pearline. [illegible]



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We offer to our subscribers the most beautiful art work ever published at a merely nominal cost. This is an entirely new work, every plate being made especially for it. It is called

"FAMOUS PAINTINGS OF THE WORLD."

It is a collection of PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF GREAT MODERN MASTERPIECES. It contains specimens of the great paintings of all art-producing nations and includes ONE HUNDRED OF THE MOST NOTABLE PAINTINGS at the

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

It exemplifies the most ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING, PURE and INSPIRING qualities of contemporaneous art. It contains a superb introduction by the greatest living novelist, GEN. LEW. WALLACE.

GEMS OF MODERN ART

Reproduced by the perfected half-tone process, having the appearance of the most perfect photographs. So large a collection of photographs of paintings could not be purchased for less than $1,000, and yet these photographic reproductions are offered to the public at the insignificant price of TEN CENTS for each portfolio.

Every picture is described by the brightest and best of America's writers on art subjects. These descriptions are not technical or prolix, but bright and interesting.

The materials for this publication have been gathered out of the most Famous Galleries and finest Private Collections in the Old World and the New.

All eminent artists are represented, but the minor artists and young aspirants for artistic honors—whose names are not yet household words have not been overlooked. The Committee of Selection have often chosen a meritorious and pleasing picture by a comparatively unknown artist in preference to an unattractive subject by a painter of prominence. This magnificent art work is in itself a

Home Gallery of Famous Masterpieces.

Do not fail to secure the first portfolio at once. The first Portfolio contains sixteen reproductions of great paintings, and also the magnificent introduction by GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.

All the future portfolios will contain sixteen reproductions of MASTERPIECES OF MODERN ART.

How to Secure This Series:

Clip three "Famous Paintings of the World" coupons from the third page of this paper and send them together with ten cents to the Portfolio Department of "The Sentinel" and the part called for will be sent to your address by mail.

The first three portfolios can be had by calling at the office.

The entire series consists of 20 parts, each part contains 16 photographic reproductions of great paintings of the world.

Address all mail to "The Sentinel" Portfolio Department, including no other business in portfolio orders.

Write name and address plainly

A RISING REPUTATION.

Joseph H. Choate, the Leader and Wit of the New York Bar.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 5.—Joseph H. Choate is likely before the close of the New York constitutional convention to be known to a much larger public than his fame has hitherto reached. He has long been a familiar figure to the bench and bar of New York city and at many



JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

dinner tables, public and private, while his reputation is widely known among lawyers the country over. He shares with Mr. Evarts the reputation of a wit, and droll stories float from the quiet rooms of the Bar association as to the sayings and doings of these two men. Mr. Choate is not always careful to count upon the probable effect of his sallies, but he is seldom malicious. He wears a certain quiet smile when about to smite a friend or an adversary beneath the fifth rib, and those that know him open their ears expectantly when they see that smile hovering about his mouth. The latest witticism of Mr. Choate floating through legal circles was aimed at his friend and brother lawyer, Colonel John J. McCook. Colonel McCook is a member of a law firm famous for its operations in reorganizing financial corporations. He was also one of the counsel for the prosecution in the case of Professor Briggs of Presbyterian fame. When an echo of the Briggs case was at length heard in the recent general assembly of the Northern Presbyterian church and Colonel McCook's name again came up in connection with the matter, Mr. Choate said:

"I never could understand why McCook went into that case unless he expected to break up the Presbyterian church and reorganize it."

No portrait can quite convey the ripeness, geniality, humor and tolerance of Mr. Choate's face. It is a good, round, ruddy face, with a round knob of a nose that in extreme old age will overshadow the mouth and threaten the full, round chin. The cheeks are round, and their convexity increases with his broad smile. The head is round, and so is the forehead that fronts it. Then there is a pleasing rotundity beneath his waistcoat. A family nearly allied to Mr. Choate treasures a photograph of the man as a youth of 20 or thereabouts. It is taken from a daguerreotype, and it shows him a handsome, clear eyed, smiling young fellow clad in the somewhat picturesque fashion of the day. It is an altogether charming face and one that any man might be glad to have in the gallery of his ancestors.

E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

Ladies

Who use SOZODONT have only to open their lips to prove its excellence. Their white, gleaming, spotless teeth and fragrant breath will tell the story. There is more demand for this wholesome and unexceptionable preparation than for any other dentifrice in the market.

Land Seekers' Excursions to the South

Via "The Muncie." One fare for the round trip, return limit 20 days. Next one going July 5. For further particulars inquire of Ticket Agent Ft. W., C. and L. Ry. 7ood-w-tf

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99 44/100 % PURE

FOR CLOTHES.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

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WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Inquire at once. 110 W. Berry street. 6-31

WANTED—A young lady wants a position at a summer resort, either as housekeeper or will take charge of chamber work. Address 102 East Wayne street. 8-1t

WANTED—Reliable man with $30, exclusive agent for a new article, used on every horse; 50,000 have been sold in the past year. This is a cash business that will pay $300 yearly with no possible chance of loss. Only those having A No. 1 references and the capital need apply. Call Friday or Saturday. E. Shaw, the Randall. 7-4-3t

SPECIAL NOTICE—When in need of first-class iron fences, iron flower vases, drinking and fancy water fountains, iron chairs and settees, you should call on the undersigned for catalogue and prices. If you want cheap John Shoddy goods, see the other fellow. J. A. Bookwalter, 213 East Wayne St. 25-1mo-eod.

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

TERRE HAUTE, IND., A COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING. Well endowed, well equipped. Courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil Engineering and Chemistry. Extensive Machine Shops, Laboratories, Drawing Rooms, Library. Expenses low. Address H. T. EDDY, Pres't.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms. Inquire at 88 East Lewis street. 21-1t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for rent with board, at 39 West Washington St. 30-1t

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, clean, for gentlemen. Inquire 30 East Superior street. 16-1t

FOR RENT—A neatly furnished front room, with board, suitable for two gentlemen, at 88 West Berry street. 2-1t

FOR RENT—Brick house of 8 rooms, at 108 Hanna Street; house has natural gas and water. Call at 208 Hanna St. 15-1t

FOR RENT—House with eight rooms, conveniently located. Inquire at Rooms 27 and 28 Bank Block of A. H. Burdsall. 2-1t

FOR RENT—Three large front rooms: first floor, unfurnished; good location, reasonable rent. Inquire at 78 Montgomery St. 6-2t

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms to gentlemen only. All modern conveniences. Rent reasonable. 144 East Washington street. 5-1mo

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Bay mare, five years old, city broke. Address Z., Sentinel Office. 7-3t

FOR SALE—Family horse, cut under surrey, road-wagon and harness. Inquire 43 W. Creighton avenue. 5-4t

FOR SALE—Cheap, a new delivery wagon. Light wagon suitable for most any purpose. See it at 313 Calhoun street. 5-4t

FOR SALE—A high grade Pneumatic bicycle, price $42. Inquire at the Stand Hornt store, 38 and 31 Calhoun street. 7-3t

FOR SALE—Grocery store in good location, doing No. 1 business, will sell cheap for cash or trade for city property. Address L. M., Sentinel office. 29-1m

FOR SALE—A New house with eight rooms, Attic, Cellar, Furnace, Well and Cistern; fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Must sell on Account of business out of City. Address House care of Sentinel. 10-1t

FOR SALE—Or exchange for property in this city or drug store either, in this city or good town in Indiana, drug store and store building, the drug store is in, and two lots also residence property near by the store. Both properties are in the eastern part of the city, are well located and new, also the drug store. Full particulars given by addressing or calling upon J. J. O., Holton avenue. 2-1t

FOR SALE—At a bargain, on the account of health of owner, one of the finest lots in city with late house of seven rooms, all in good order; lot 61 ft front. Brick paved street. City water and gas; also 500 well water and large cistern; small stable etc. This property cost $3,000 four years ago, but will be sold for less, if particulars be made to suit. For particulars call at 16 W. Williams street. 10-1m.

LOST.

LOST—Two delivering books and orders, either on Calhoun or Murray, Lafayette or Pontiac streets. Finder please leave at Sentinel Office and receive reward. 6-2t

MISCELLANEOUS.

$100 REWARD for any case of headache Dr. Story's 30 minute headache powders can not cure in 10 minutes. Try it; only 10 cents, at all druggists. 2-12

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schladraud, 86 Clinton street. Telephone F. 94.

TO LOAN—We have money in sums of $300, $500, $1000, $2000, to loan on improved city property; we also have desirable property for sale, and we represent first-class fire insurance companies. Call and see us. SCHRADER & WILSON, 1st floor No. 7 Court St.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE—Just opened an employment office, at 182 East Wayne street, corner of Clay. All orders will receive prompt attention; also girls wanted to fill orders. A young lady desires a position at a summer resort, either as housekeeper or will take charge of chamber work. 30-1mo

LOUIS F. CURDES,

Real Estate Agent, Rooms 3 and 4 Bank Block.

Farms for sale, or trade for city property. Building lots in all parts of the city, on terms to suit the purchaser. I have any number of houses and lots, ranging in price from $400 to $20,000; several choice business blocks for sale, very cheap. Money to loan.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, 96 Madison street. Specialty—Diseases of women. Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.; from 5 p. m. to p. m. Telephone No. 4?6.

J. M. E. RIEDEL, ARCHITECT, SCHMITZ BLOCK, 3d Floor.

HAIR ON THE FEMALE FACE



Moles and all facial blemishes destroyed forever, no pain, scar, shock or injury by the by Dr. Van Dyck, Electro Surgeon, 15 Circle Street, Indianapolis.

ELECTRIC NEEDLE.

P. O. Box 7—19 years experience, over 10000 cases cured. NOTE—Dr. Van Dyck will have parlors at the New Aveline hotel Thursday and Friday, Aug. 9 and 10. Every case cured no matter how bad it may be. Make engagements at once as only a limited number can be treated daily.

VALUABLE SOUVENIRS.



Visitor: Are you planting potatoes on the old battle-field, farmer?
Farmer: These ain't potaters; I'm jus' ecattarin' a few bullets for excursionists.

RAILWAY STATISTICS.

Sixth Report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Items Concerning Railway and Shop Affairs as Revealed by the Reporter's Note Book.

The sixth statistical report of the inter-state commerce commission has just been issued. It covers the year ending June 30, 1893. It gives the total mileage of railroads in the United States as 176,461.07 miles, an increase of 4,897.55 as compared with 1892. This mileage was operated by 1,890 companies, an increase of sixty-eight during the year. Of this number 752 were independent operating roads and 932 maintained operating accounts. The tendency toward consolidation during the year, the report states, was quite marked. Twenty-eight roads, representing 749.87 miles, were merged; twenty roads, representing 1,732.79 miles, were reorganized, and sixteen roads, representing 1,409.19 miles, were consolidated.

A classification of railways according to length of line operated shows that there are forty-two companies in the United States having a mileage in excess of 1,000 miles, twenty-six companies operating a mileage of between 600 and 1,000 miles, twenty-three companies operating between 400 and 600 miles, forty-one companies operating between 250 and 400 miles and 902 companies operating 250 miles or less. The equipment of these roads comprise 34,783 locomotives, 1,119,878 cars owned by the companies and 154,068 leased, making a total of 1,273,946. These figures represent an increase of 1,652 locomotives and of 58,854 cars, as compared with those in use during the previous year. The increase of equipment fitted with train brake was 42,158, and the increase in equipment fitted with automatic coupler was 77,004.

The aggregate property properly classified as railway capital was on June 30, 1893, $10,506,231,410—a capital of $63,421 per mile of road. There was $4,982,009,602 common stock and $680,925,816 preferred stock. The funded debt was $5,225,680,831. The increase in railway securities during the year was $171,565,180. Gross earnings amounted to $1,220,751,874. The final net income available for dividends was $111,058,034, a decrease of $4,007,157 in the year. The surplus after paying dividends was $8,110,745, a decrease of $5,919,311 as compared with the previous year.

More fatal accidents occurred than during the previous year. There were 2,727 employes killed, an increase of 173. The number of passengers killed was 299, being 77 less than the number killed in the previous year. The number of employes injured was 31,729, being 3,402 more than in the previous year. The number of passengers injured was 3,229, being two more than were hurt in the previous year.

MINOR MENTION.

The Pittsburg shops are working a small force today, a great many of the men doing police duty at the depots and yards.

It is evident that strong hands have got control of the Louisville Southern, as the interest on the first mortgage bonds falling due July 2, amounting to $67,750, was paid in cash.

Vice President McCrea and Brooks, of the Pennsylvania, who were on the seaboard, have been called back to their duties in Pittsburg by the turbulent state of affairs along the line.

The Wabash will not run its Put-in-Bay excursion train tomorrow. The excursion has not been abandoned, however, and will be given as soon as affairs in railway circles have been satisfactorily adjusted.

Mrs. Saul, the railway evangelist, has pitched her tent in Kansas City, and will hold meetings nightly for railway employes and their families. A number of ministers have promised to aid her in the work.

In alighting from a train at Buffalo, William H. Sayre, second vice president of the Lehigh Valley road, received injuries which are such as to confine him to his room, although no serious results are looked for.

The coal tonnage of the Philadelphia and Reading is now heavy beyond all previous records. On Monday last over 100,000 tons of anthracite were handled on the main line, and the tolls from the same will realize to the company over $200,000 for the day.

An Eastern paper says: "A noticeable thing about railroad defaults this year is the way in which branch roads have been left in the lurch by controlling organizations. Just now I note the Toledo, Peoria and Western, which is owned by the Pennsylvania, and is the western extension of that road from Indiana to Peoria, Ill., and Burlington, Ia. Pennsylvania owns the controlling stock, and yet it has allowed the bonds of this road to go to default now on the ground that it has not earned its fixed charges, although it has always done so up to this year. In times gone by it has been the policy of the rich roads to protect the coupons of properties owned by them, but in these times of general stringency that rule seems to amount to nothing, and why should it when guarantees are recklessly set aside in so many cases?"

SPLENDID RACES.

Excellent Bicycle Riding at Centlivre's Park.

Fort Wayne Boys Come in for a Share of the Glory—Peltier and Black Win.

Very entertaining, indeed, was the first day's bicycle racing at the Centlivre course yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance and the grand stand was comfortably filled. The track was in good condition, but the wind was somewhat against the riders. Despite the fact that the great strike had interfered seriously with travel, the number of riders on the ground was really more than had been expected.

The presence of such famous riders as Johnson, Sanger, Tyler and other noted cracks lent additional interest to the occasion. Sid Black, the well known trick rider, was present and gave a splendid exhibition and Lee Richardson, a sixteen-year-old lad from Chicago, did some excellent work at fancy riding. He rode his wheel backwards for a half mile and established a record of 2:43 1-5. Lee is the son of the assistant manager of the Monarch Cycle Co., of Chicago, and has been riding since he was four years old.

The racing opened with a one mile novice, in which there were a number of Fort Wayne boys. Fransen, of Marion, ran away from the boys early in the race and won. Waldschmidt fo[illegible]

WICKES STUBBORN.

He Refuses to Meet the [illegible] Committee.

[illegible] advance, winning the $100 diamond stud. Gus Steele, of Chicago, who had ninety yards handicap, came in second and E. C. Johnson, of Cleveland, was third. Johnson had eighty yards handicap; time, 3:12.

There were twenty starters in the one-half mile open, class A. The race was won first by A. L. Brown, of Cleveland, but was run over again and Brown won again; time, 1:21 3-5.

In the race for local wheelmen there was intense interest. Black and Peltier were the center of attraction. Peltier got twenty yards handicap and Black started scratch. Marion paced his companion and followed him a close second. Peltier's time was 2:27 4-5. Heller came in third.

The two-mile race for class B riders was a pretty one. The first prize was a Smalley buck wheel. Tyler was out to win, and got there. Time, 5.12 4-5.

The mile open for class B riders was an easy one for Sanger, who passed over the tape in 2:32 1-5, looking back at his competitors, although not four lengths away from them.

The one mile, class A, for riders of the Twelfth district, was a very excellent race and was won by Marion Black in 2:56, but was run over again on account of a time limit of 2:40. Black won again in 2:40 1-5. Walling was second and Leonard third. Alter led, but pumped himself out at the last quarter.

The one mile open, class A, was another pretty race. C. C. Vantine, of Findlay, won in 2:56 1-5. A. L. Brown, of Cleveland, came in second, and O. P. Pernhart, of Toledo, third.

A splendid program for today is promised and John S. Johnson, champion of the world, will ride.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or astringents, because they are irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm. Your druggist has it.

Have your Portfolios bound at THE SENTINEL office. Samples can be seen at the office. tf

DESPITE THE TIE-UP

Fort Wayne People Visit at Other Cities

And Their People Visit With Us—A Budget of Personal Gossip.

The Andrews News says: "O. V. Murray and family have removed to Fort Wayne."

The Logansport Journal says: "Miss Katherine Potthoff went to Fort Wayne yesterday to visit friends for a few days."

The Huntington Democrat says: "Mrs. H. E. Drummond and children, of Fort Wayne, are visiting in this city.—Miss Frank Browand left for her home in Fort Wayne yesterday."

The Huntington Herald says: "Miss Lizzie Mahin, of Richmond, and Miss May Hall, of Fort Wayne, who have been guests of Mrs. John Mishler and others in the city the past few days, returned to their homes today."

The Huntington Herald says: "The Misses Miller, who have been guests of John Provines and wife, returned to Fort Wayne today.—Miss Lizzie Hilgenburg returned to the city last evening from her Fort Wayne visit."

The Kendallville Standard says: "Misses Hattie Kramer and Kate Kaiser went to Fort Wayne today to visit friends.—Frank Homsher, of Fort Wayne, was circulating among friends here."

The Huntington Democrat says: "Misses Makin, of Richmond, and May Hall, of Fort Wayne, who were the guests of Mrs. John Mishler, have returned home.—Miss Emma Miller and sister, Lizzie, returned to Fort Wayne today."

The Ossian News says: "Miss Jennie Hatfield was out from Fort Wayne celebrating the Fourth here with relatives. The fireworks at Lakeside in Fort Wayne were visible here Wednesday evening."

The Logansport Reporter says: "Mrs. Bert Fleming, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. T. Jones and little son, of Fort Wayne, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Nora Cronin, of 421 Fifth street. —Miss Maggie Fitzgerald, of Lafayette, is the guest of friends here on her way to Fort Wayne."

The Kendallville Standard says: "Mr. Fred Oesterheldt, of Fort Wayne, has accepted a position as turner with Mr. John Deibele.—Miss Rose Pressler, of Fort Wayne, is visiting friends in the city, the guest of Miss Ida Rosebacher.—Judge A. A. Chapin, of Fort Wayne, was in the city Monday."

The Monroeville Breeze says: "Louis Brown and Miss M. Nobles, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Webster on the 4th.—Louis Redding, a former Monroeville boy, now of Fort Wayne, visited old acquaintances in this place the past week.—George Umbrecht, manufacturer of cigars, Fort Wayne, was in town Monday last."

The Columbia City Mail says: "Will Myers returned to Fort Wayne Wednesday evening. Debs permitting, he has [illegible] to Toledo, whence he will make a [illegible] boat trip up Lake Huron to [Mack]inac Island. From there he will [illegible] in other excursions on Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, returning to Toledo after about two weeks and then back to Fort Wayne.—Will A. Davis, Whitley county's poet, late of Indian territory, but now a resident of Fort Wayne, was in the city yesterday. —Miss Lizzie Mack, of Fort Wayne, is in the city visiting with the family of A. Erdman."

The Decatur Democrat says: "Chas. Noll and Harry Pickard, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of the Misses Celia and Anna Smith, over Sunday.—Sammy Miller and wife, of Fort Wayne, were here Sunday and yesterday at the bedside Mrs. Miller's father, Mr. Burkhead, who is dangerously sick with heart trouble.—Homer Gorsline and wife left for their home at Fort Wayne. While here they were guests of Mrs. Helen Bidsom and other friends.—Mrs. Rello Humble, of Fort Wayne, is in the city the guest of her mother, Mrs. Linn, on North Tenth street.—Mrs. Mary Duerr, of Fort Wayne, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary Galfer, returned home today."

Unnecessary Misery

is endured by bilious and dyspeptic sufferers who neglect to take Simmons Liver Regulator. Headache, constipation, piles, colic and indigestion are cured by this pure, vegetable remedy.

Cyclers' Jubilee at Pompeii.

COMING EXCURSIONS.

July 10—Epworth League of St. Paul M. E. church, Rome City.
July 16—South Congregational church, Rome City.
July 19—Eintracht Singing Society, Rome City.
July 20—Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian church.
July 24—F. X. M. Dramatic Club, Rome City.
July 9—Trinity Sunday school, Rome City.
July 12—Order of Eastern Star, Rome City.
July 21—Fort Wayne lodge No. 19, A. O. U. W., Warsaw.
August 15—Sons of Veterans, Rome City.
August 22—Daughters of Isabella, Rome City.

Elks' Night at Pompeii.

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

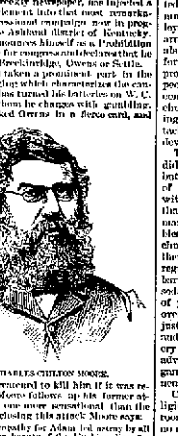
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

INFIDEL AND PROHIBITIONIST.

Colonel Moore Adds Spice to the Breckinridge Congressional Canvass.

Charles C. Moore, editor and publisher of The Blue Grass Blade, an Infidel Prohibition weekly newspaper, has injected a peculiar element into that most remarkable congressional campaign now in progress in the Ashland district of Kentucky. Moore announces himself as a Prohibition candidate for congress and declares that he can beat Breckinridge, Owens or Settle.

He has taken a prominent part in the mud slinging which characterizes the canvass and has turned his batteries on W. C. Owens, whom he charges with gambling. He attacked Owens in a fierce card, and



CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

Owens threatened to kill him if it was repeated. Moore follows up his former attack with one more sensational than the first. In closing this attack Moore says:

I have sympathy for Adam led astray by all the newborn beauty of the blushing Eve; for the Greeks and Trojans that gave their lives for the love of Helen; for Mark Antony, ruined by his love for Cleopatra; for the sailors that were wrecked by the songs of the sirens; for Acteon, changed into a stag and hunted by his own hounds for looking at the bathing Diana; for Leander, that died swimming the Hellespont for his love; for Peeping Tom, who gave his eyes for one look at the naked Godiva; for Abelarde, who gave his soul for Eloise; for Hyacinthe, that spurned the church for a woman; for Beecher, who tumbled to the racket of Bessie Turner; for Parnell, dazed and bewildered by the beauty of a woman, and last for Breckinridge, who dissolved his family pearls in wine, then drank the wine, and in wild intoxication laid himself for immolation on the shrine of a brilliant Kentucky woman, but may the gods paralyze my tongue and rob my right hand of its cunning if over again I speak or write one word or one letter in defense of the man who could spend his nights in the gambling hells of Lexington with [illegible] rides.

Moore is under indictment for blasphemy, having, while attacking a minister who prayed that rain would interfere with the Irish who were celebrating St. Patrick's day on Sunday, used some most shocking expressions.

The minister whom he assailed went before the grand jury and had Moore indicted. He has been in jail twice for libel, has been waylaid and beaten for attacking [illegible] church and had his newspaper suppressed by ex-State Treasurer Sharp, to whom he had [illegible] half his sins. He claims that he is a Quaker and will not fight nor resent an insult.

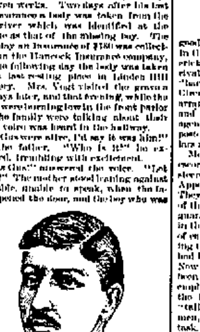
THE DEAD CAME BACK.

And Received a Thorough Thrashing From a Loving Parent.

August Vogt, the 13-year-old son of Carl Vogt of Brooklyn, has an unhappy habit of running away from home at inopportune times and remaining away for days and even weeks. Two days after his last disappearance a body was taken from the East river which was identified at the morgue as that of the missing boy. The same day an inquest was held, and the body was removed from the morgue by Mr. Vogt, and the following day the body was taken to his last resting place in [illegible] cemetery. Mrs. Vogt visited the grave a few days later, and that evening, while the lights were burning low in the front parlor and the family were talking about their son, a voice was heard in the hallway.

"If Gus were alive, I'd say it was him!" said the father. "Who is it?" he exclaimed, trembling with excitement.

"It's Gus!" answered the voice. "Let me in!" The mother stood leaning against the table, unable to speak, when the father opened the door, and the boy who was



AUGUST VOGT.

supposed to be peacefully sleeping in the cemetery strode into the room and exclaimed cheerfully, "I'm just come back!" The mother, with a cry of joy, fell in a swoon on the floor. The father, when he recovered from his surprise, took the matter in a different light, and instead of informing the boy that he had been dead and buried gave him a sound thrashing. The neighbors came running in, and many of the women insisted that the body buried was that of Gus and the one before them was that of some changeling. But the mother knew her boy, and when she came out of her swoon looked for certain marks on the body and found them.

"That was how I knew the body at the morgue," persisted the father. "The other fellow had [illegible]. The face was a little swollen, but it looked like Gus, and when I found these marks on his feet I was sure it was he."

"And you were just getting such a beautiful tombstone for the grave!" said a neighbor.

Mr. Vogt would gladly return the money to the insurance company, but he is in a quandary as to what to do with the body of the unknown boy.

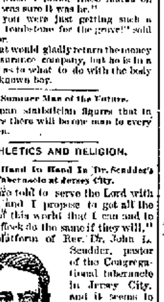
The Summer Man of the Future.

A German statistician figures that in 2,000 years there will be one man to every 290 women.

ATHLETICS AND RELIGION.

They Go Hand In Hand In Dr. Scudder's Tabernacle at Jersey City.

"We are told to serve the Lord with gladness, and I propose to get all the fun out of this world that I can and to have my floors in the same if they will," is the platform of Rev. Dr. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Congregational tabernacle in Jersey City, and it seems to be a rousing success. Dr. Scudder was the son of Rev. Henry M. Scudder, one of Brooklyn's famous divines. He is 41 years of age, a Yale graduate and an ardent historian of [illegible]



REV. JOHN L. SCUDDER, that university's baseball team. He left Yale in 1874, became an ordained minister three years later, and as assistant pastor of the First Congregational church of Minneapolis made a reputation as a minister who preached a religion that appealed to the masses.

In 1888 he was called to his present charge in Jersey City. "The best way to fight the saloons," he said, "is to introduce a little godly competition." With this prefatory remark he erected a gymnasium adjoining the church, fitted it up with approved apparatus for muscle making, introduced bowling alleys, billiard tables and reading rooms, arranged a theater for amateur theatricals and a kindergarten and day nursery for the children of the poor. The idea proved so popular among the working people, who form a large share of the congregation, that three years ago the church purchased two adjoining buildings, and the three structures now attached to the church are used for the development of body and mind.

The billiard tables and bowling alleys did not exactly please the elders at first, but when they saw that the attendance of young men increased tenfold they withdrew all opposition. Today more than 400 young men and women, as many more children and about 50 babies daily enjoy the benefits of the church's athletic auxiliary, and most of them, the babies excepted, have become regular churchgoers. There is even a bar at one end of the gymnasium, but soda water, good milk and a fair article of pie are the only refreshments served over it. All the games cost the player just half what he would pay elsewhere, and, as Dr. Scudder expresses it, "every one of them has to be paid for in advance, thus doing away with the gambling habit of sticking your opponent for the game."

One peculiarity is the fact that all religious discussion is tabooed in the playrooms, so that the boy or girl who has no religion will not be frightened away by anything that savors of preaching. Dr. Scudder is not only a thorough athlete and boxer, but an enthusiastic bicyclist. He allows members of his flock to ride their wheels to church and has a storeroom where the bicycles may be checked. "The bicycle," he says, "is a thoroughly Christian machine, for it improves the temper, discourages dissipation and puts vivacity into a man's religion."

THE GREEN GOODS BUSINESS.

How It Is Conducted With the Connivance of the Police In New York.

One of the most interesting and sensational stories brought out by the Lexow investigation of New York city's police department was that told by George Appo, a [illegible] green goods business and the manner in which it is conducted. Appo said that the green



GEORGE APPO.

goods business in New York was mostly in the hands of James McNally and Fred [illegible]. Both had police protection. [illegible]

Men who tried to run the business on their own account in this city, Appo said, were driven out of the precincts [illegible]

According to his own statement, George Appo was born in New Haven 36 years ago. His father was Quimbo Appo, a notorious Chinese desperado, who died in Sing Sing prison, where he was sent [illegible] for murder. His mother was a low white woman. Young Appo was taken to New York [illegible]

[illegible] fruitful result of his bringing up was the propensity, which developed at an early age, for picking pockets. He first came to grief on May 31, 1874, when a policeman arrested him on the charge of [illegible] a watch. [illegible]

[illegible] The club cases has settled on colored women and half of all the Chinamen. In Chicago 150 Chinese [illegible] themselves into a political club. They intend to follow this by the organization of other similar clubs in the other large cities. These are to band together, and as rapidly as possible get every [illegible] subject till Chinamen in the United States are permitted to be citizens and have a vote and all the rights of other citizens.

[illegible]

Wife—How people gaze at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris.

Husband—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.—New York Weekly.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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TURPIN AND HIS GUN.

The Famous Inventor Who Has Put All France In a Ferment.

One of the most interesting figures in France today is M. Eugene Turpin, the famous inventor whose claim that, owing to the ill treatment of the French war office, he had sold his new and terrible war engine to Germany, created a terrific sensation in France. Not many years ago Turpin invented the new explosive, melinite, and the French war office



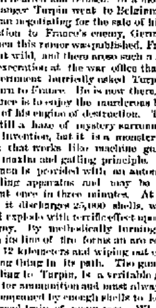
M. EUGENE TURPIN.

treated him so abominably that he published a pamphlet which contained severe reflections upon government officials, and Turpin was imprisoned. The government, however, allowed Turpin to continue work upon his schemes, and the result of his prison labor was a mysterious engine of war that the inventor claimed would wipe out an entire army in 15 minutes and destroy such a city as Paris in an hour. Turpin was released and offered to give the machine to France if the government would remove from his character the stain inflicted by imprisonment and restore his cross of the Legion of Honor. The officials were hard hearted and refused. In a moment of anger Turpin went to Belgium and began negotiating for the sale of his invention to France's enemy, Germany. When this rumor was published, France went wild, and there arose such a howl of execration at the war office that the government hurriedly asked Turpin to return to France. He is now there, and France is to enjoy the murderous benefits of his engine of destruction. There is still a haze of mystery surrounding the invention, but it is a monster cannon that works like machine guns of the maxim and gatling principle. The cannon is provided with an automatic loading apparatus and may be fired about once in three minutes. At each fire it discharges 25,000 shells, which will explode with terrific effect upon the enemy. By methodically turning the gun its line of fire forms an arc covering 12 kilometers and wiping out every living thing in its path. The gun, according to Turpin, is a veritable glutton for ammunition and must always be accompanied by enough shells to load a railroad train of many cars. Whether the gun will do in practice what Turpin claims for it in theory remains to be seen.

"ODD AS DICK'S HATBAND."

"Cyclone" Davis Is Thus Distinguished From the Other Davises of Texas.

One of the unique political characters of the Lone Star State is James Harvey Davis, better known in the world of politics as "Cyclone" Davis. He is tall, blue eyed and "odd as Dick's hatband,"



JAMES HARVEY DAVIS.

as one of his friends puts it. The first daylight to greet his baby eyes was that of South Carolina, and the time when this interesting event occurred was 50 years ago. When James was 13 years old, his father removed to Winsboro, Tex., where the motherless boy after three years of instruction and at the age of 19 began a five years' term of schoolteaching.

In 1882 he was admitted to the bar. He had always been an active Democrat, but in 1890 his political faith changed, and he became a member of the Cincinnati conference that formed the National People's Party. He has been a member of the national committee of the organization ever since and has stumped many states of the Union for the cause of the Populists. His sobriquet was the inspiration of Frankfort (Ky.) newspaper men, who were much impressed with the eloquence he displayed during a warm debate with Attorney General Hardon. The papers regretted that he was "on the wrong side of politics," as they expressed it, but they freely admitted that "his rounds of eloquence, pithy anecdotes and rousing rejoinders never failed to bring forth a cyclone of applause." Thenceforth the tall and eloquent Texan was known throughout the west as "Cyclone" Davis.

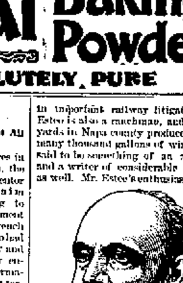
Another sobriquet, "Methodist Jim," is also the result of Davis' oratorical efforts. He says he is not a church member for the reason that he is not good enough, but during a discussion with a prominent Republican in Houston Davis' talent as an exhorter led him to be called "Methodist Jim."

In 1878 Cupid did some very eloquent exhorting, with the result that the Lone Star orator wedded Miss Belle Barton, the daughter of a well known Texan. Since the occurrence of that event four young male cyclones have struck the Davis home. The eldest and most cyclonic youngster is 13 years of age, and the youngest is a 3-year-old tornado. For the past three years the Davis home has been in Sulphur Springs, where Mr. Davis edits The Vindicator, a reform paper.

THE PACIFIC COAST DEPEW.

Candidate M. M. Estee Is So Called by His Admirers.

Morris M. Estee, who is the Republican candidate for governor of California, has long been known on the Pacific slope as a successful lawyer, having been for years the attorney of the Central and Union Pacific roads and active in important railway litigation. Mr. Estee is also a ranchman, and his vineyards in Napa county produce annually many thousand gallons of wine. He is said to be something of an artist also and a writer of considerable cleverness as well. Mr. Estee's enthusiastic friends



MORRIS M. ESTEE.

say he is an eloquent speaker and call him the Chauncey Depew of the Pacific slope. He is fond of spicing his speeches with good stories, at any rate.

Among lawyers Mr. Estee is known as the author of "Estee's Pleadings," a book which stands well in legal lore.

He is a native of Pennsylvania, but has long been a resident of California. It was there that he began his political career. The first office he held was that of district attorney of Sacramento county. He was twice elected to the state assembly and served as speaker of that body. As a member of the constitutional convention of his state he took a prominent part. As a candidate for governor in 1882 he was defeated by Mr. Felton, the millionaire successor of Senator Hearst. On another occasion he was unsuccessful in his candidacy for the gubernatorial chair.

Mr. Estee was permanent chairman of the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1888. During that convention, when the crowd had shouted for many minutes over Harrison's nomination, some one asked Chairman Estee why he did not rap them down.

"Oh, let 'em alone," he said. "It's only once in four years, you know."

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Center of an Interesting Literary Colony.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 5.—This city has a certain fame not only as the training place of college oarsmen and as being occasionally visited by the redoubtable Captain Bob Cooke, but also as having a quiet literary colony of its own. Conspicuous in this little colony is George Parsons Lathrop, poet, novelist, playwright, editor and industrious general writer. Mr. Lathrop's wife is a daughter of Hawthorne, and his brother-in-law is the novelist, Julian Hawthorne. Mrs. Lathrop has a fame of her own as a poet. Her husband is eligible to the presidency, though he was not born in the United States. He is the son of a missionary sent out to the far east from this country, and the child was born while his parents were upon the Pacific ocean on their way homeward.

Mr. Lathrop went to New London some time after he had, with the late much beloved actor, Harry Edwards, dramatized Tennyson's "Elaine." It was understood at the time that Mr. Lathrop would devote himself to the writing of the play. His friend, Bronson Howard, brother-in-law of that excellent English comedian, Charles Wyndham, had been wondrously successful as a playwright, and perhaps his success moved Mr. Lathrop to like endeavor. He has not only done considerable literary work since making his home in New London, but has somewhat astonished the public by announcing his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. He and his wife took this step simultaneously, and Mr. Lathrop is ready at all times to give reasons for his new belief, whether in public or in private. P. F. L.

A Cincinnati company has perfected a traction engine propelled by gasoline. It is suitable for farm work, and the makers declare that it will not explode.

A man who will brush his hair up above his ears to hide his bald spot will do anything.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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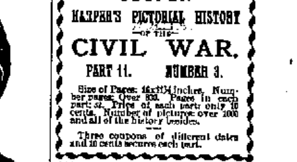
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May 18, 1849.

To The Editor:

Volume No. 5 of Harper War Book just came, and it surprised me greatly to find the large colored map. Accept thanks for your promptness. I thought the other parts couldn't be beat, but they seem to grow better. If others appreciate the value of what you are giving for only 10 cents, you must sell a host of them, for if anybody once sees these War Volumes they must be as much surprised as I have been at so much, and so good, for such a low price. You deserve a vote of thanks for what you are doing. The good done by placing this great Harper history of the civil war in reach of every man, woman and child cannot be calculated.

Yours very truly,
F. B. D.

DR. T. J. DILLS

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OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

M. W. FAY WAREHOUSE & STORAGE

Warehouse Cor. Francis and Hayden Sts. Office 79 Calhoun St. Telephone 234.

SCHEUMAN & KLAEHN, Funeral Directors and Embalmers. 37 E. Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind. Telephone for night call, Nos. 175 and 192 for office, No. 29.

D. D. WEISELL & SON DENTISTS

PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK

FT. WAYNE LOAN OFFICE. ESTABLISHED 1878. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry [illegible]

We deal in Diamonds, Carpets, Household Goods [illegible]

GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE IN INDIANA. HORACE MARRIOTT, PAWNBROKER, 36 East Columbia Street.

SUMMER SUITS,
NEW GOODS,
NEW Patterns.

Just Received a Full line of New Summer Suitings.

Prices to Suit The Hard Times.

Call and Examine the Stock and Leave Your Measure before the Summer Rush Commences.

Fred Hardung,

N. W. Corner Main and Clinton Sts.

"This Hot Weather"

Depraved by the millions of flies is certainly too oppressive when considering that we can fit you out with

Screen Doors AND Screen Windows

Of all sizes and designs at prices heretofore unknown.

USE OUR

MONARCH GARDEN HOSE

For settling the dust and cooling the air about your house and reap the beneficial results and comfort of a small investment.

THE

MONARCH HOSE

Will render you the longest and most satisfactory service of any house in the market.

We are Headquarters for Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers, Nozzles and a general line of Hose repairs.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 and 40 East Columbia Street. Telephone 86.

The THERMER

Turkish Bath Rooms.

Turkish, Russian and Electric Baths, Massage Treatment, Manicuring Department, Also Chiropodist Treatment. The treatment of Rheumatism, Debility and Skin Diseases a specialty.

First-Class Barber Shop in Connection.

S. M. RAINES, Prop.

75c per Bath, or Eight Baths for $5.00, Special Rates to all Clubs.

Corner Berry and Clinton Sts.

THE NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR.

All Kinds Switches, Bangs, Curling Irons, Alcohol Lamps, latest novelties in Hair ornaments—Hair Dressing and Shampooing, Manicuring and Face Steaming.

MISS. E. C. RODENBECK, No. 29 E. Washington St.

The undersigned clothiers and gents' furnishing merchants will close their places of business during the months of July and August, 1894, each day excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6:30 p. m.

A. I. & H. Friend.
Pixley & Co.
The C. O. D.
Sam, Pete & Max.
Ben Lehman.
Globe.
J. G. Thieme & Son.
Wm. Meyer & Bro.
Ohnhaus & Monahan.
E. J. Golden.
Meyer & Nelman.
Geo. DeWald & Co.
C. J. Rounds.

Notice.

The A. R. U. will give an open air meeting Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, on the public square. Able speakers to enlighten the public on the present difficulty will be on hand. Everybody is invited and those in sympathy with the A. R. U. are requested to wear white ribbon.

Don't miss Pompeii Tonight.

The Allen County Loan and Savings association now issues stock to members and charges them eight per cent. on loans. This will be a boon to the borrowers, as they now have an opportunity to borrow money without paying exorbitant premiums or commissions usually charged to borrowers by some loan associations and other investors. The borrower also shares in the net earnings of his stock. 30 6t

$1,000 Fireworks Tonight!

Attention Soldiers.

The funeral of Comrade Alfred Bass will be held on Sunday at 2 o'clock at the A. M. E. church. All comrades of the G. A. R., U. V. L., and Sons of Veterans, and all old soldiers, are requested to meet at Anthony Wayne post hall at 1:30 o'clock, sharp, to take part in the exercises.

G. W. Atsmell,
Allen H. Dougall,
Wm. H. Davis,
Committee.

Cyclers' Jubilee at Pompeii.

LINCOLN TEA.

GIVES RELIEF IMMEDIATELY.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Attend the Fort Wayne Business College. Summer School begins July 2. Full course of study and practice. Arrange to enter now. 3-1m

G. W. BRUNS & CO.

PLUMBERS.

Agents for the Goodrich Self-Heating Folding Bath Tub.

155 CALHOUN STREET.

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

Bicycle Riders Attention.

We have a few 1893 high grade bicycles on hand, bran new, that we want to trade for second hand machines. Bring down your wheel and we will allow you a good price for it. This is a rare chance for you to get a $150 light wheel for a small amount of money.

Randall Cycle Co.,
24f 31 West Berry St.

John K. Skilling, of Detroit, has been in the city for a few days past.

Mr. Julius A. Bona will receive pupils for vocal instruction at Morton Club Hall from June 4, daily, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Address communications to Morton Club Hall, City. 4 4 f

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 35 and 36, Bank Block. 2tf

Misses Hannah Long and Maggie Gilbert, of Peru, have been the guest of Miss May Stewart for a few days past. They will return tomorrow evening.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 173. Where delivery is irregular or is late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office..........No. 173.
Editorial Rooms.........No. 650.

Our Thermometer.

10 a. m.......................70°
12 m..........................76°
2 p. m........................79°

The Weather.

Washington, July 7.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Sunday. For Indiana: Fair; slightly warmer, northwesterly winds; shifting to southerly.

NEWS NOTES.

Miss Della Craig is quite ill at her home on Horace street.

Dr. J. W. Younge, wife and boys, spent the Fourth at Hillsdale, Mich.

Miss Pearl Hassinger left today to spend the summer with relatives in Michigan.

Fred Smith gave a dinner party to a few of his friends last night at the Wayne club.

There were six street car parties out last evening. The total number for the week has been forty.

I. Ellringer and family, of 295 Broadway, go to Hackley Park, Mich., for a visit of a couple of weeks.

C. W. Cobb, a bicycle dealer from Auburn, is in the city at the Rich. He is here to attend the races.

Professor A. B. Crowe has returned from a trip among the lakes of northern Indiana, where he was on a botanizing tour.

Braton, the base ballist, has gone to Jacksonville, Ill., to play ball. Guy Hecker, formerly captain of the Fort Wayne club, is at Gas City.

Henry Koepper, of Indianapolis, who has been the guest of his friend Henry Nieman, for the past four weeks, returned to his home yesterday.

Misses Jessie and May Fitch, of South Calhoun street, last evening entertained in honor of Miss Edna Frory, of Huntington, who has been their guest.

Miss Nannie Ryan, of Urbana, Ohio, who has been Miss Bessie McGuire's guest for the past three weeks, returned to her home yesterday. Miss Ryan has been a social favorite in Fort Wayne society during her visit here.

The following are the scores of the base ball games played by regular league teams yesterday. At Louisville—Louisville, 6; New York, 10; At Pittsburg—Pittsburg, 7; Philadelphia, 13. At Cleveland—Cleveland, 6; Boston, 19.

Yesterday Frank Bogash placed another winner to the credit of the Centlivre stable and another 2:20 performer to the credit of Carrie Blackwood, by winning the 2:25 pace at Indianapolis with Carrie Strathmore. It was her first start in a race and she won the second, third and fourth heats, the best time being 2:18. Carrie Strathmore is a bay, four year old.

Phil Hyman and Henry Nieman went over to Warsaw on July 4 and Mr. Nieman, intending to ride back home on his wheel, took it along in the baggage car. The young men got off the train at Eagle Lake and Henry forgot all about having a wheel until later in the day. Numerous telegrams sent after the missing cycle finally located it and the wheel was returned to this city from Chicago.

The O. R. C. club were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Taylor, 86 Wells street, Thursday night. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Zeigler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kitselman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bolman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Uran, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rogers and Miss Kolker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spangler, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Anderson and Miss R. Lutz. Games and plays were the order of the evening and after a luncheon all departed for home in the wee sma' hours.

At the Westminster church at 10:30 a. m., tomorrow there will be an interesting and varied program in connection with the Children's Day exercises. A violin solo, Ave Maria, will be rendered by Miss Lillian Mathias, accompanied by the organ. A selection will be rendered by Miss Linderman, the new organist, who delight's her hearers with her fine execution of sweet melodies. Several pretty exercises will be given by the children and a short address by the pastor on "Little Foxes." The singing will be accompanied by an orchestra. All are invited.

Mount Vesuvius is smoking again, and visitors to Lakeside tonight will doubtless witness another terrific eruption of the spit-fire. The third performance is Elks' night and wheelmen's jubilee. Local Elks attend in a body, and many lodges were expected from adjoining cities, but such are not likely to overflow the grand stand in the present railway situation. Wheelmen and admirers will be regaled with a big fireworks device, showing Marion Black mounted on a gigantic wheel, making one of his famous spurts. The sale of seats indicates a good attendance tonight, but no one should hesitate to go for fear of insufficient room. The present is the time for Fort Wayne citizens to witness the gorgeous spectacle.

Lemons Gone Down to Place of Advancing.

The reason of this is we bought whole car load of the Nickel Plate road who were unable to transport them to Chicago.

Good lemons, per dozen, 12½c.
Extra Large, per dozen, 20c.
Lemons per box, $3.00.
Choice Oranges, per dozen, 30c.

Fruit House.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Schlatter have returned from Rome City.

John S. Johnson and C. H. Callahan are guests of the Randall hotel.

E. M. Shaw, of Dunkirk, Ohio, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. C. Andrews.

Miss Dessa Kehler, of Huntington, is visiting her uncle, C. Andrews, of 290 East Lewis street.

Miss Pauline Lesser has gone to Sturgis, Mich., where she is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Hahn.

Miss Mary E. Marker is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. R. B. Young, of Bellville, Ohio.

Rev. M. S. Marble returned from the south part of the state today, and will occupy his pulpit at the usual hours tomorrow.

Mrs. George Jamison, of Douglas avenue, will leave in a few days over the Wabash to visit friends and relatives for some time.

A New York publication, "Fancy Notions and Fabrics," pays a high compliment to the Wayne Knitting mills, of this city.

Mrs. Caroline Wessell, Mrs. Philip Graffe, and their children, and Miss Mamie Niedhofer, went to Rome City yesterday to occupy a cottage.

The notorious Dick Schreck was up on a charge of vagrancy before Mayor Oakley this morning. He was let go, however, on promising to leave the city.

The Hustler Advertising and Distributing company have opened an office at No. 26 Colerick street, with William H. Lindenma as distributing agent.

Mr. Frank H. Pyke will lead the "Drop in" meeting tonight at 8 o'clock in the reading room of the city Y. M. C. A. Subject: "What Constitutes a True Christian."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snow, of Lima, Ind., and Mr. B. F. Richard and Miss Ella Hoagland, of Decatur, were the guests of Messrs. and Mesdames P. M. Lindsley and D. H. Wilbert.

There will be a meeting of the City Ministerial association at the City Y. M. C. A. building, Monday morning, at 10 o'clock. Matters of interest to all the preachers will be discussed. Let every one be present.

Dick Townsend this morning stated that the Fort Wayne hotels were seriously feeling the effects of the strike, and unless the situation brightened up before a few days many of them would be compelled to lay off a large portion of their help.

Thursday evening Miss Bessie McGuire tendered a reception to a number of her friends at her home, on Baker street, in honor of two charming young ladies of Ohio, her cousin, Miss Kathryn Bowen, of Dayton, Ohio, and her guest, Miss Nannie Ryan, of Urbana, Ohio. Miss Kathryn Sweeny rendered some fine selections on the piano during the evening.

The little daughter of George A. Weimar, of No. 87 Buchanan street, met with a sad accident at her parents' home yesterday. She was engaged in shooting fire crackers when one of them failed to explode. The child picked it up and began blowing on the fuse, when the cracker went off with a sizzle and the powder flew directly into her left eye. Dr. Neirchang says there is no hope of saving the eye and the right orb is also affected.

Last night at the regular meeting of the board of public works, resolutions were passed for several improvements in the streets of the city. Rockhill street, from Washington street to Main, is to be paved with asphalt; Union street also, from Wayne to Berry; Griffith street will be paved with asphalt from Main to Berry and from Wayne to Jefferson. H. F. C. Hoorman was given the contract for building a sewer in the first alley west of Wells street to the first alley north of Putnam and Archer avenue.

The management of the "Last Days of Pompeii" has engaged the services of the First Regiment band to give a free open air concert at Centlivre's park tomorrow afternoon. The generosity of the management in thus furnishing a wholesome and entertaining place to spend the afternoon, will doubtless be appreciated. There will be absolutely no liquors of any kind sold or allowed on the ground, and arrangements have been made that one fare will take passengers from any part of the city to the park gate over the city and Centlivre electric lines.

A three wheeled hand-cart, a donkey and a drunken carpenter furnished amusement for passers-by on some of our principal streets yesterday afternoon. About 5 o'clock, while driving down Columbia street, near Clinton, the driver and tool box got too near the rear end of the cart and over they went, breaking off the temporary shafts and scattering the tools promiscuously over the street. The rig was fixed up and by 9 o'clock the corner of Lewis and Clay streets was reached, where the donkey was driven directly into the centre of a street car. A car seat struck the donkey on the head and the whole outfit went rolling into the gutter. By the assistance of the large crowd that gathered the rig was again put in shape and the man started on his way home. A number of his tools could not be found.

Last night between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock a night watchman on the east side saw a man endeavoring to enter a carpenter shop on East Wayne street. He went up to the fellow and asked him what he was doing. The man replied by declaring it was nobody's business. The watchman attempted to place the fellow under arrest when he turned and drew a revolver. The officer and suspected burglar had a tussel but the officer finally got hold of the revolver and with the assistance of Officer Kueck got the man to the station. Mayor Oakley heard the evidence this morning and dismissed the man, who gave his name as W. Growe. He claimed that he was one of the owners of the shop and that his partners had been endeavoring to keep him out.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Mont. Beaver, of South Broadway—a son.

Miss Nettie Sautter and brothers, Pearl and George, left today for Ohio, to visit relatives and friends.

Mr and Mrs. Dixon Edgerton, of New York, arrived in the city last night, and are now the guests of Mrs. Edgerton's parents, Attorney A. H. Bittenger and wife, on Archer avenue.

Miss Bertha Graber and Lulu Eckert will give a 'bus party five miles west of the city tomorrow, in honor of Miss Pearl Ryan of Hicksville, Ohio, who is the guest of Miss Eckert.

H. L. Bradley and wife, of Eagle Grove, Iowa, are in the city visiting their parents, Mrs. M. I. Cosper, of 204 High street, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bradley, of 233 East Lewis street.

At their regular meeting last night Summit encampment, No. 16, I. O. O. F., installed the following officers: C. P., L. A. Weichselfelder; S. W., G. L. Haag; J. W., H. Rapp; R. S., T. Blystone; treasurer, Chas. Haag.

ADAM P. ESSIG DEAD.

Demise of an Old and Well Known Citizen.

Adam P. Essig, one of our best known and most respected citizens, died shortly after 1 o'clock today, after an illness of some months' duration. He leaves besides his wife, one son, Chas. O. Essig, the well-known solicitor on The Sentinel. He was sixty-one years of age. The funeral will be held privately Monday morning.

POMPEII TO-NIGHT

The Great Display to be Given at Lakeside Park.

The new Indiana city of Pompeii, which was so completely destroyed by fire and lava on the evening of July 4 has been rebuilt in a remarkably short space of time. The volcano Vesuvius, which wrought such havoc that night among the festive hundreds of gorgeously costumed citizens, is smoking savagely again and there will be a fearful eruption to night. The sight will be a grand one and those who have not seen it should be sure to see it tonight.

The fireworks tonight will be gorgeous. The special devices will include a large Elk's head, in honor of the local and visiting B. P. O. E's (Best People on Earth") that will attend; also a beautiful mechanical device of interest to all bicyclists, representing the winner of yesterday's race on a rapidly moving wheel of colored fire.

Seats are in demand at the Lehman Book and News company, 81 Calhoun street, and a number of "Pompeii" parties will attend to-night.

BRITANNIA WINS.

The Queen's Cup in the Royal Clyde Yacht Club Race.

Hunters Quay, Firth of Clyde, July 7.—In the race for the queen's cup at the regatta of the Royal Clyde Yacht club, today, the Britannia went over the line almost immediately after the gun was fired at 10:30 a. m. and at Cloch Point she had a slight lead, which she was increasing over the Vigilant. The course today is that of the Royal Clyde Yacht club, the one sailed over at the Mud Hook Yacht club contest on Thursday. The contestants were: Vigilant, Britannia, Marjorie, Carina. The Britannia won the first round. The time was as follows: Britanna, 1 hour, 35 minutes, 38 seconds; Vigilant, 1 hour, 36 minutes, 46 seconds. The Britannia passed Ascog mark on the second round, ahead of the Vigilant. The time was as follows: Britannia, 3 hours, 2 minutes, and 15 seconds; Vigilant, 3 hours, 3 minutes, 20 seconds.

The time of the two yachts was as follows at the finishing line: Vigilant, 4:16:37; Britannia, 4:17:42. The Britannia, with her time allowance of three minutes, won by one minute and fifty-five seconds.

MARTIN CHOSEN COMMANDER.

Indiana Sons of Veterans Encampment Closed With Electing Officers.

Kokomo, Ind., July 7.—The three days' session of the eighth annual encampment of the Indiana Sons of Veterans closed last night. The reports show substantial growth since last meeting. The ladies' auxiliary also prospered. Officers were elected and installed in the afternoon. Frank Martin, of Lebanon, was chosen commander; Howard H. Leach, of Kokomo, senior vice commander, and Ed. H. Martin, of Russiaville, junior vice. Miss Koerner, of Indianapolis, was elected president of the ladies' society, and Mrs. Deek Moore, of Kokomo, vice president. The encampment will meet in Anderson next year.

IN ENGLAND.

Ship Yards Close Down—Four Thousand Men Out.

Hartlepool, Eng., July 7.—Irving's ship yards, and those of Sir W. Gray, at this place, have closed down, owing to the strike of the moulders. Four thousand more workmen are thus thrown out of employment. It is expected that other yards will also be forced to close.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

The Captain Did Not Know There Was a Fight.

It was a hot summer day, with bees and butterflies flitting about in the woods and now and then the song of a bird to greet the ear. There had been no picket firing for three or four days, and although the enemy held the ground right up to the fence on the other side of the old cotton field and 20,000 men were almost within cannon shot, girding up their loins to do battle three days later, it was so quiet and peaceful in the woods where our reserve picket was stationed that men drowsed and nodded with muskets in hand.

The captain sat with his back to a tree and his face to the enemy smoking his pipe and reading a book. I lay on my blanket smoking and watching him. By and by I saw the book fall from his hands, his chin sink down on his breast, and I held up a warning finger to one of the men who was whistling as he got out his housewife to mend a rent in his jacket. By and by I looked away from the captain across the field. Away over on the far side, in the shadow of the green trees, I caught the flash of steel now and then. It was the sun striking on gun barrel or bayonet in the hands of the enemy. Between me and the edge of the field a squirrel ran over the grass and made his way up a tree. While he was yet barking, as if to call our attention, a chipmunk came out of his hole in the ground and sat on the pile of fresh earth and whisked his tail and chattered merrily.

Suddenly a shot rang out from across the field. An accident, probably or perhaps some soldier trying his aim on smaller game than a man. No one minded it. I thought I heard the hum of the ball, but it might have been the drone of a bee. I turned on my back and was looking at the branches overhead when a second shot made my pulses jump. This one was from a cavalry carbine and was fired by one of our own men in the gully at the edge of the field. I sprang up to look, and for a moment the sight dumfounded me. Just breaking out of the woods on the far side, where they had come up and formed so quietly as to create no alarm, was a full brigade of the enemy. They were marching straight at us. It was not the beginning of a battle, but a reconnoissance, a feeler to find the weak spot in the line a mile behind us.

Pop! pop! pop! from the pickets. March! march! march! The 60 men of us on that front were too small game for a brigade to open on.

"Captain, they are coming—a whole brigade. Don't you hear the firing?"

Thus to the sleeping officer, but he slept on. There was no time to run and lay a hand on his shoulder.

"Fall in! Forward, march! Halt! Fire at will! Down on the ground, boys, and give it to 'em hot! We've got to hold 'em for a minute anyhow!"

One lieutenant on detail—the other back in camp—the captain asleep behind us. Every instant I expected to hear his voice shouting orders as he passed along the short, weak line behind us, but it did not come.

March! march! march! I thought of a great wave of water sweeping inland as I peered under the smoke and saw the brigade coming forward at support line and arms at right shoulder shift. Here and there one fell out as our bullets found their billets, but a full battery of artillery playing grape and canister on that moving mass could not have checked its momentum.

"What shall we do, sergeant? Run or be gobbled?"

"What shall we do, captain?"

So they asked of me, and so I asked of the captain, though he was not there. Now we can make out individual faces. Now we can almost tell the color of the eyes. In three minutes more the wave will sweep over the ground on which we are lying.

"Captain! Captain! Where's the captain? We can't fight a whole brigade."

"One more volley, men, and then fall back!"

The volley was given, and we rose up to make a run for it. Too late! Every man in the front rank of the brigade came down from the shoulder and up to the face, and after the crash of musketry there were five of us left to take to flight—on, on, on past the dead and the sleeping and close up to the battle line. There a division opened fire, assisted by artillery, and the onward movement was checked. Ten minutes of hard fighting, and the brigade was routed. We followed the broken regiments back and recovered our lost ground. There were dead and wounded here and there, but I looked for the sleeping captain. There he sat, the same as when the alarm sounded.

"Captain! Captain Dust! Wake up! Don't you know there has been a fight?"

He did not move. I shook him roughly by the shoulder, and the body toppled over to the right. Captain Dust was dead—dead from the bullet whose hum I had heard and likened it to the drone of a bee! Death came as he slept. The ball found his heart, and he had not so much as moved a finger. M. Quad.

What Is an Egg?

Out of the egg comes the chick with its bones, muscles, heart, lungs, nerves, brain and other organs, all very much resembling our own, and certainly all like our own organs in composition. Now, an egg must contain everything that is needed to build up an animal's body. Analyze the egg and see of what it is composed. Suppose we represent the white and yolk of the egg each by the figure 100, we can then set down its composition as nearly as possible as follows:

	White.	Yolk.
Water (non-nitrogenous)	85	51
Nitrogenous matters (albumen or white)	13	15
Fat (non-nitrogenous)	2	30
Minerals, etc. (non-nitrogenous)	1	4
	100	100

Again, we see that the egg is a combination of the two classes of foods, and our second rule about food taking is thus proved to be true by science, just as our own daily experience teaches us also its correctness. This is why milk and eggs have always been so highly valued for cooking purposes and for invalid feeding. They are perfect foods in themselves and are easy of digestion besides.—Family Magazine.

Not Appreciated.

A Detroiter who spent the night at a small place town in Montana and received his bill after breakfast was more than surprised to find the amount $13.50.

"Provisions must be pretty high out here?" he queried as he counted out the money.

"Waal, no. Purvishuns are both plenty and cheap," was the reply of the complacent landlord.

"Then hired help must be very expensive?"

"Not nigh as expensive as last year."

"Maybe they charge a man $5 for a bed out in this country?" persisted the Detroiter in search of information.

"That would be highway robbery," blandly replied the landlord as he pocketed the cash.

"Well, is this bill for three meals and lodging, then?"

"Great dogs, but what do you take me for?" exclaimed mine host in great surprise. "Why, no, of course not!"

"But I had no extras I remember."

"You didn't? Didn't you hear that row on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, I heard a row."

"And wasn't a man shot right at the door?"

"Why, I heard a shot, but made no inquiries."

"And hain't there two dead men lyin alongside the barn for you to look at as you go out?"

"I presume so, but what has all this to do with the size of my bill?" queried the Detroiter.

"Everything, sir! The boys knew you was a stranger to the county and got up a row for your benefit. It's $5 hotel bill and $8.50 for the fillin's, and if you are the man to kick on that you'd better head away for home and a one hoss town!"—Detroit Free Press.

Jas Allen Hung.

Upper Marlboro, Md., July 7.—Jas Allen, colored, was hanged here today for assault upon the twelve-year-old daughter of Thomas Simpson, residing near Woodmore.

Don't miss Pompeii Tonight.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and fortune teller in the world. Office and residence 28 Chicago street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 50c. 19 tf

Don't miss Pompeii Tonight.

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

Don't miss Pompeii Tonight.

Dr. Fricke who has located at 9 E. Wayne street, is a graduate of all the principle Colleges of Europe and this country. He has all the latest devices for Diagnosing cases of all kinds, and has a good reputation. 7-1t

Have your Sights and Scenes of the World bound at The Sentinel office. tf

Stanton's Photos are the best.

Cyclers' Jubilee at Pompeii.

TONIGHT.

Last Day of the Greatest Silk Sale on Record.

50c and 75c wash silks, for 37½c a yd.
80c dress silks at 40c a yd.
$1.00 India silk at 67c a yd.
$1.25 light evening silks at 71c a yd.
$1.00 India silk closed at 55c a yd.
1 lot of India silks, 20c a yard.

Don't miss this Opportunity—come tonight.

M. FRANK & CO.,
Bee Hive.

TONIGHT

At the Bee Hive—Great Closing Sale.

All Ladies' Shirt Waists sold at cost.

Our entire stock of imported French dimities, 35c and 40c, all sold at 25c a yard.

One case of indigo blue print, 4c a yard.

Amoskeag ginghams, 5c a yard.
All ladies' suits at cost prices.
Will you miss this chance?
We think not.

M. FRANK & CO.,
Bee Hive.

Marion Black in Fireworks!

Sale of New Haven Bonds.

Sealed proposals will be received by the trustees of the town of New Haven, Allen Co., Indiana, at their office until 8 o'clock p. m., on Monday, July 16th, 1894, for the sale of $9,000 worth of 6 per cent interest bonds, interest payable annually, designated as New Haven water works bonds in denominations of $500 each, to be dated August 1st, 1894, and payable as follows:

$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1896
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1897.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1898.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1899.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1900.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1901.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1902.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1903.
$1,000 to become due and payable May 1, 1904.

All of said bonds to bear 6 per cent. interest thereon, payable annually on the 1st day of May of each year, at the Old National Bank of the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Said bonds will be delivered to the successful bidder or bidders at the office of said trustees.

Bidders will accompany their bids with a good and sufficient bond that they will comply with the terms of their bids. A certified check of $500 will be accepted in lieu of bond.

Trustees reserve the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

D. F. Callahan,
Town Clerk.

July 5th, 1894 7t3

Marion Black in Fireworks!

Membership statement for April gives 1,612 initiations, 1,227 suspensions and deaths; net gain, 315, new lodges, 7; certificates issued in division 1, 106; division ...

Elks' Night at Pompeii.

Marion Black in Fireworks!

For Rent—Brick residence, No. 190 West Wayne street; in fine condition; walls and ceiling newly decorated; hard wood finish throughout; natural and artificial gas; hard and soft water; new bath room, closet, etc. Barn on premises. Will rent at a low figure. Call and examine it. Inquire at once next door west or of L. O. Hull, 90 Calhoun street.

Cyclers' Jubilee at Pompeii.

Wanted.

You to bring your old bicycles to us and we will trade bran new, high grade machines for a small difference. We have on hand a few 1893 $150 machines that we will dispose of in this way.

Randall Cycle Co.,
2 tf 31 West Berry St.

Elks' Night at Pompeii.

$1,000 Fireworks Tonight!

Flour is Cheap Now—Buy the Best.

Silver Dollar Patent is better than any spring wheat patent and cheaper. Hungarian Process—Best Family.

These two brands cannot be beaten anywhere in the United States. Buy no other. Ask your Grocers for them. 12tf C. TRESSELT & SONS.

$1,000 Fireworks Tonight!

Elks' Night at Pompeii.

Something About Ramblers.

More Ramblers have been sold here this season than any other high grade wheel. Selling Ramblers of any weight at one and the same price, $125.00, evidently has met with the approval of the average rider. Ramblers are sold for one price only, to everybody, with no discount to fast riders.

I have a small stock of '93 pattern Ramblers left, brand new and fully guaranteed. I will close these out at $85.00, both men and women wheels. I have but a few of them, perhaps twenty all told. These wheels are not old, carried over stock, but were made last winter when it was too early to make '94 Ramblers; the G & J., Co rather than to lay their men off as most of the other factories did, kept them working on '93 patterns, knowing well that they would never be able to sell them at list price, but they kept their men at work and—if you want a wheel that sold last year for $150.00 and was at that time the best wheel on the market,—here is your chance, $85.00 will buy one for a short time only.

A. C. Katt, Agent.

$1,000 Fireworks Tonight!

Spring goods have arrived in all the latest Fabrics. Suits from $25.00 and upwards.

PERRY N. DeHAVEN,
10eodtf 45 E. Berry St.

Marion Black in Fireworks!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

Another Big Drive

WE OFFER

100 PIECES All Wool French CHALLIES,

The Finest Quality,

In all the Newest, Choice Designs, including Fine Silk Stripes, Etc., the same goods--in greater variety--other stores ask 60c, 75c and $1 00 a yard for.

Come Quick And Buy Them

At 39c a Yard.

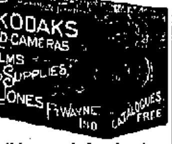
For This Week Only.

One Price to All

BEADELL & COMPANY,

THE PEOPLES STORE,

BEST LIGHTED STORE in the CITY.



Everything used by Amateur Photographers at 44 Calhoun St., second floor.

DR. J. S. McCURDY

DENTIST,

Removed to

21 WEST BERRY ST.

(Ground Floor.)

In east half of building occupied by Mr. F. R. Barrows' Art Gallery.

We have just added to our stock a line of new stationery. All the late styles, both in tints and style (from the well known house of Marcus Ward, Whiting, Crane, etc.)

LEHMAN BOOK AND NEWS CO., 81 Calhoun Street.



THE REMINGTON BICYCLE.

J. W. BELL,

11 and 13 Columbia Street.



The Kyle Music Co.,

82 Calhoun Street.

Sheet music played for customers. Everything in music and jewelry.

Cash or easy payments.

VITALINE

The only true Blood and Nerve Tonic. No Opiates or Bromides. For sale by

MEYER BROS & CO.

COOL SUMMER CLOTHING

Don't suffer with the heat when you can make yourselves delightfully comfortable with a very small outlay.

We Are Prepared

To administer to your wants in this line. We keep nothing but first-class, well made Summer Clothing (The Alfred Benjamin kind), and our prices are the lowest possible, consistent with good workmanship.

Serges,
Flannels,
Alpacas,
Mohairs,
Drat-ed-Tete,
Brilliantines,
Pongee Silk etc.

We can fit all shapes and sizes from 33 to 50 breast measure.

We're Being Imitated

By others in Our Great Sale of

ALL-WOOL SUITS FOR MEN

—AT—

$4.98, $7.38, $9.88.

We're not selling odds and ends and we have nothing on display in our show windows that we cannot show you or fit you in on the inside. Our variety is greater, our values are far superior to anything being offered by our would be competition.

See Our Window Display.

Sam, Pete & Max.

PAIN'S MAJESTIC, HISTORICAL "LAST DAYS OF

POMPEII"

At Lakeside Park

TO-NIGHT

Elks' Night and Cyclers Jubilee

In addition to the Gorgeous Pageants, Acrobatic Sports, the Thrilling Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, and the Vivid Destruction of the Big Mimic City there will be appropriate B. P. O. E. designs, and specially attractive features included in the

$1,000.00 FIREWORKS DISPLAY

See Marion Black win a race on a Fireworks Bicycle!

Ticket Sale at Lehman's, 81 Calhoun Street.